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MEMOIRS

OF A

TRAVELLER,

NOW IN RETIREMENT.

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OF A

TRAVELLER,

NOW IN RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INTERSPERSED WITH

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL ANECDOTES,

RELATIVE TO

MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, UNDER THE SUPER INTENDANCE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertis metus. — Hor. l. 1. e. 5. v. 18.

LONDON:

Printed for RICH. PHILLIPS, No. 6, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, and DULAU and CO. Soho-square.

1806.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

TRAVELLER.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

Inconstancy and Weakness of Duchillou.—He embarks anew upon the stormy Sea of the great World.—Adventure of Charlton.

I HAD retired to the country, where, given up to study, I enjoyed in the silent conversation of the great men of antiquity, that satisfaction which I had in vain sought in the intercourse of the great men of the present age; when I read in the London Gazette, that Lord

Mountstuart had been appointed envoy extraordinary for the King of Great Britain at the Court of Turin.

This nobleman was the eldest son of Lord Bute. I had known him at the Court of Turin when he visited Italy: since his return to England, I saw him but seldom; and then only when I met him in the country, at the house of his father. I had that affection for him which I owed to the son of Lord Bute, and to his amiable exterior; and he had always shewn those attentions to me, which he could not refuse to a man whom he frequently saw at his father's house.

I was undetermined whether I ought not to write to him, to congratulate him upon the King's having made choice of him as his minister, when I received a visit from my friend Langlois, who had come to hunt in my neighbourhood. I communicated my

idea to him, and he pressed me to follow it up; adding, as an inducement, that Lord Mountstuart would undoubtedly engage me to go with him to Turin, as he must be very glad to have a friend who knew that Court so well as myself. He represented to me, that besides the opportunity which such an engagement might afford me of improving my fortune by making myself useful, I should have the pleasure of returning once more to Italy, of which I was so fond: that to live as a friend with a great nobleman such as Lord Mountstuart, could not but be an agreeable situation while it lasted; and that as I should not bind myself to him by any engagement, I should always be able to leave him when the situation no longer suited me. I suffered myself to be persuaded by these reasons. I wrote to his Lordship,

and the answer was such as my friend had foreseen.

Lord Mountstuart, in thanking me for the compliment, invited me, in the most pressing manner, to accompany him to Turin, in order to initiate him in business. He begged me to act towards him the part of a friend, and assured me that I should find in him all the care and all the gratitude which such a sacrifice on my side would deserve. My friend had left me before I received this answer. I made many serious reflections upon the new engagement I was about to undertake, and resolved to decline it. I wrote to his Lordship that my health, and the disorder of my affairs, deprived me of the pleasure of accepting his proposal: but that I should set out for London, that I might see him before his departure; and give him all the information

in my power, to assist him in the career upon which he was about to enter. Though I was three hundred miles from the capital, I actually did set out to give him this proof of my zeal.

Before I left the county of Northumberland I wished to pass by Alnwick, to give orders relative to some affairs; and on my way thither I met a Mr. Charlton, the Duke of Northumberland's steward, who was returning to that town, where he resided. It was midnight when we arrived. Charlton hastened to his house; every body was asleep, and he knocked a long time without being heard. At last a female servant opened the window, and asked: "Who is there?"—"It is I," said Charlton. "And who are you?" said she. "What! don't you know me?" —"No, indeed."—"You don't know "your master?"—"My master!" said the woman: "he has been in bed these

"two hours with my mistress."—"What the devil!" cried Charlton, "is there somebody sleeping with my "wife?"—"Go about your business, "my good man," said the woman; "you are drunk, I believe:" and shutting the window, she withdrew, without saying any thing more. Charlton knocked again, but in vain; and it was not till a full quarter of an hour after, that he at last discovered he was knocking at his neighbour's door.

As soon as I got to London, Lord Mountstuart urged me strongly, through a common friend, to accompany him to Turin. Lord Bute came to town himself to persuade me, and I could not resist the entreaties of a man to whom I was so wholly devoted. Another obstacle, the renewing of my wardrobe, was soon removed; and two hundred guineas, which I received for that purpose, enabled me to effect it.

Lord Mountstuart then acquainted me with the state of his affairs, with his projects and his ideas. He had, he said, ten thousand guineas a year to spend. He wished to establish his house upon the best footing. He did not expect to remain long at Turin: the prospect of an approaching peace allowed him to look for a more distinguished situation: he had been led to expect the embassy to Paris or Madrid, and it was with that view only that he had been willing, in the mean time, to undertake a less brilliant commission.

CHAPTER II.

Anecdote of Lord Bute and Lord Chatham.

HAVING gone to spend a fortnight with Lord Bute at his country seat, some time before the appointment of his son, I had an opportunity of being thoroughly informed of all the circumstances of an affair, upon which the most opposite opinions have been formed in England. This induces me to state in this place, what may serve to elucidate a transaction which thus divided the public sentiment.

In the month of January, 1778, Doctor Addington, a great admirer of Lord Chatham, and who frequently saw him, being sent for to visit Sir James Wright who was ill, and knowing that he was acquainted with Lord

Bute, took an opportunity of speaking to him of the particular esteem which Lord Chatham had for the character of Lord Bute; and their conversation often turning upon the affairs of the times, the physician and his patient always regretted, that their patrons could not unite to uphold the tottering nation. Doctor Addington was the first to mention it to Lord Chatham; who repeated the expressions of the particular value he had for Lord Bute, and of his desire to do all he could to save the nation from the imminent danger in which it was placed. Doctor Addington having related this conversation to Sir James Wright, and he to Lord Bute, that nobleman made answer, that Lord Chatham would always find him disposed to concur with him, in the efforts which he might make to serve the King and the nation; and that if he knew Lord North, he would ad-

vise him to prevail upon his Majesty to avail himself of the services of Lord Chatham, and to give him a share of his confidence. Lord Chatham understood, by the expression *concur with him*, that Lord Bute still preserved some of his influence with the King: and he was eager to have him informed, that it was necessary, without delay, to form a new ministry, for quieting the Americans, as well as the British nation; and he talked of nothing less than a total change of administration. Doctor Addington had also persuaded Lord Chatham to propose to Lord Bute an interview, in order to concert measures; and he was the bearer of this proposal, through the channel of Sir James. Lord Bute, greatly surprised that matters had gone so far; and that the general terms he had made use of, in speaking of the disastrous state of affairs, had been so misunderstood;

lost no time in dictating to Sir James such a letter as might be shewn to Lord Chatham: the substance of which was, that he had entirely lost sight of public affairs, and that he had for ever given up all thoughts of taking part in them. He added, that several years had passed since he had seen the King; that, consequently, he could not be of any utility to Lord Chatham; and he concluded, by declining an interview with that nobleman.

Some pretended to discover a contradiction between this letter, and the first message from Lord Bute to Lord Chatham. The friends of the latter spread a report, that Lord Bute had eagerly accepted Lord Chatham's offer to assist him in overturning the ministry; but that, as soon as he had understood that that nobleman did not intend to admit him into the new administration, he had refused to concur

with him; and had only then found out that he could be of no assistance to him. Persons of more penetration, however, only saw in all this, an extreme eagerness on the part of the two subalterns, to see their patrons in place, to which Lord Chatham somewhat too easily gave in; which prevented him from perceiving the unsuitableness of the channel he made use of to obtain the concurrence of Lord Bute. The latter, having never any design of re-entering into the ministry, immediately repelled the ideas of Lord Chatham, as soon as he saw the part which he wished him to take.

Various reports having got abroad upon this subject, shortly after the death of Lord Chatham several explanations took place between the friends of the two parties. Lord North mentioned it to Lord Mountstuart: and this gave rise to a public letter, which Lord

Bute caused to be written by his son, in which, among other things, he solemnly declares that, from the time when the late Duke of Cumberland was called to form a new administration, in 1765, he had never once seen the King, except at the drawing-room or the levee; that he never interfered in public affairs; had never given advice to ministers; and that, even with the Princess of Wales, he had never sought to procure employments or places, from the moment he had withdrawn into retirement.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from London for Turin with Lord and Lady Mountstuart.—Character of those two Persons.

It may not be amiss for me to make my reader acquainted with my new friends. Lord Mountstuart was thirty-five years of age: he had a very fine figure, a noble and lofty air, mild and simple manners, and a most amiable countenance. He was magnificent in his dress, in his equipages, and in his liveries: he was fond of splendour, and did not trouble himself to calculate what it would cost to gratify him. His high birth (for he was of the house of Stuart, the name of which he bore), inspired him with the sentiment that he was inferior to nobody. His rank of peer of Great-Britain did not suffer him willingly to admit of distinctions esta-

blished by custom both in courts and in society. He was easy with those who did not appear to have a design of disputing any of these advantages, was susceptible of friendship, and ready to undertake any thing to oblige and to serve those he liked.

Her Ladyship was extremely attached to her husband, to whom she had brought a large fortune, and had borne ten children. The three eldest went to Turin with them; a son of twelve years old, who was extremely amiable, and two young ladies of ten or eleven.

The retinue of Lord Mountstuart was such as might be imagined, after the idea I have given of him. He took a secretary whom I had recommended to him, a physician, a preceptor for his son, five maids for her Ladyship, valets-de-chambre, hair dressers, a steward, &c. &c.

I must not forget to mention, that his Lordship had engaged one of his brothers to accompany him. Mr. William Stuart was a young man of twenty-five years old, who had always applied himself very much to study and reflection. He had very extensive knowledge, well digested erudition, great taste, solid and sound judgment, an unequalled serenity of mind, and an indifference for the world, unexampled in a young man of his age. He was serious, mild, firm, and attached to his duty: he also had a constancy in his designs and in his conduct, which, with the aid of his talents, would have led him to the highest civil honours of his country; but he embraced the ecclesiastical state,* which

* In 1798 he was Bishop of St. David's, and in 1800 Primate of Ireland.

he found more conformable with the tranquil and studious life which he wished to lead.

We went by Dover, where we found a convoy of three ships of war waiting to escort us to Ostend. Her Ladyship was six months advanced in a state of pregnancy: this situation, and her fears of a miscarriage, required the greatest attention to her. It was then that I was of some utility. I took every thing upon myself: I begged her to rely upon me for the success of her voyage; and I acquired her confidence so fully, by my care and my zeal for her, that there was no doing any thing without me. Nothing was undertaken, nothing was done, unless I was consulted, and had given my approbation. I was the head of the expedition, and the oracle of the party; they were indebted to me for all the pleasure they enjoyed. "What happiness to have

"such a friend! What should they "have done without me?"

When we arrived at Arras, his Lordship's son was attacked with a disorder which was rather serious: we were therefore obliged to stop. Our physician entered upon the duties of his office; and as the disorder was one which must take its course before it came to a crisis, it increased for two or three days, which alarmed the mother to such a degree as to throw us all into the greatest confusion. She examined the prescriptions; required an account of the virtue and of the effects of the remedies; and found that the physician was an ignorant man, whom it was necessary to send back to England. I was charged with his dismissal; and as his engagement with Lord Mountstuart had been the cause of his losing a good establishment in Scotland, it was necessary to give him a hundred gui-

neas a year till an equivalent could be provided for him.

We had now to look out for another physician; and the difficulty was, to find the best. If we had been in the capital, we should have asked for the King's physician; nothing was more natural. In this emergency I thought of a plan which could not fail to succeed. I went about among the best shops and tradesmen, inquiring of every body who was the best physician. Each naturally mentioned his own. I asked who had the most practice *after him*; every body named the same. That was the one whom I sent for; and he was, in fact, the best physician of the place. In three days our invalid was getting better, and we prepared to set out for Paris.

CHAPTER IV

Singular Adventure of a Farmer in the Neighbourhood of Arras.*

During the week which we spent at Arras I took long walks alone, beyond the gates of the city. It was in the month of October. Night once overtook me at some distance from town; and I lost my way so completely, that every step I took to hasten towards Arras led me further from it. At last, after a long walk, I found myself, at eight o'clock, near a farm in a solitary place. Overcome with fatigue, I knocked at the door of a small farm-

* This adventure is a work of imagination, written to amuse the Princess de Carignan, during an attack of melancholy, when she would read only gloomy stories.

house. A man of about forty years old, with a lamp in his hand, came to open it to me; attended by two great dogs, whose barkings he had great difficulty in quieting. His affable mode of receiving me, which was more polite than I should have expected from a rustic, emboldened me to ask him for a lodging for the night: he agreed to give it to me, with the best grace in the world. I told him who I was; and our conversation went on with some interest. Besides the language of my host, his style and manners astonished me extremely. I could not repress my curiosity to know him better. "Sir," said I, "I have "seen too much of the world, not to "perceive that there is something ex-"traordinary in the situation and dress "in which I see you; permit a stran-"ger, who has already so much reason "to be interested for you, to wish to

" be acquainted with the person to
" whom he is indebted for treatment
" so friendly as that which you have
" given me. Do not be afraid of
" opening yourself to me; though my
" character as a stranger does not
" prevent you from the fear of being
" exposed, the reception which you
" have given me ought to secure you
" not only my discretion, but my zeal
" to serve you in every thing that lies
" in my power."

My host answered, without hesitation: " Sir, I have never thought mankind bad: would to Heaven that I had been naturally more distrustful! I should have been less exposed to many misfortunes. But if I had the worst opinion of them, the connection which chance has formed between you and me, in so short a time, is such, that it does not leave me the least doubt of my being safe

"in satisfying your curiosity. I am "only sorry that I have nothing to re- "late to you but a tissue of misfor- "tune, more calculated to distress you "than to make you pass the night so "agreeably as I should wish; but I yield "to your desire, and to the frank man- "ner in which you express it. The time "necessary to get ready our supper "will suffice for the relation of my "history." I did not fail to let him see how sensible I was of his obliging compliance: he replied by an inclination of his head; and, as I was silent, he began in these words:

"On the same day I lost my fortune, "my mistress, and my friend; I was in "the wood of Vincennes at midnight, "in despair, and ready to throw my- "self into the Seine, when I was ar- "rested, and conducted to an obscure "prison. Judge whether I had not "reason then to despair.

" I was young and rich; I loved a
" young widow, and was on the point
" of marrying her. We had been
" fond of each other from our infancy:
" but her father, who was the enemy
" of my family, would never consent
" to our union, and had married her
" to an old man; and she had been six
" months a widow. She was then at
" Vincennes, with one of her rela-
" tions, named St. Hilaire, my inti-
" mate friend; and our nuptials were
" to take place in a house which I had
" there, when a cruel and unforeseen
" everse deranged all our projects of
" happiness.

" I had fifty thousand livres (above
" 200*l.*) a year; which were placed out
" in a manner very advantageous for me,
" but not very secure. I knew nothing of
" business, and did not make myself un-
" easy about the future; content to live
" quietly in a handsome situation near

" Vincennes, where St. Hilaire passed
" the greater part of his time with me.
" He was in the army, and destitute
" of fortune; but my purse was open
" to him, and he drew from it when-
" ever he chose. The eagerness I
" shewed to anticipate his desires, left
" him no room to doubt that he was
" master of my property; and, in fact,
" I appeared more like his steward
" than his creditor. The night before
" our marriage I received advice from
" Paris, that the banker in whom I con-
" fided the management of my income
" had failed; and that, upon an exami-
" nation of his affairs, it was found that
" he had long made use of my pro-
" perty to maintain his own fortune,
" which was now sunk with mine. I
" had even signed papers for him,
" which made me security for his
" debts; and persons had been sent to
" Vincennes to make a seizure in my

" house, as had already been done at
" my house in Paris. We were struck
" as with a thunder-bolt at this dread-
" ful news.

" Something however, must be
" done; and we resolved that Ma-
" dame de Rouvière (that was the
" name of my mistress) and St. Hilaire
" should go immediately to Paris, and
" take charge of a casket containing
" a very handsome assortment of dia-
" monds, which I had destined for
" my intended bride. I also added
" some other valuable effects; and I
" proposed to sell the whole secretly,
" that I might withdraw with Madame
" de Rouvière into a remote part of
" the country, where she was willing
" to share the mediocrity of my lot,
" and to assist in softening it. Night
" was coming on; and I pressed them
" to set out, after having agreed upon
" the place of our meeting at Paris.

"Unfortunately, my carriage was gone
" to town to bring out a female friend
" of Madame de Rouvière next day;
" therefore, as the time pressed, it was
" decided that she should go on foot
" with St. Hilaire as far as the Carrière,
" where they were to take a coach. I
" gave them a servant to attend them,
" and assured them that I would soon
" follow.

" It was about midnight, when,
" having finished arranging my affairs,
" I set out alone, on foot, to cross the
" wood. The moon, though obscured
" by some clouds, gave light enough
" to guide me in my way; and I was
" already in the middle of the wood,
" plunged in the sad reverie which so
" unexpected a change in my situation
" had produced in me, when my ears
" were struck with the groans of some
" person in distress. It was the voice
" of a woman: and though it might be

" dangerous for a single man to search
" into the affair, my thoughts were
" so absorbed by my misfortune, that
" I was not susceptible of fear; and
" the compassion which the piercing
" cries I heard had raised in me, made
" me turn my steps towards a bye-
" path, from which the voice seemed
" to come.

" Let any one imagine, if it be pos-
" sible, my astonishment and my grief,
" when, approaching a woman whom
" I saw extended upon the ground, I
" recognised Madame de Rouvière,
" senseless, bathed in blood, and al-
" most expiring. I threw myself by
" her side, and tried every effort to
" stop the blood that flowed from a
" deep wound in her breast. The
" piteous accents I uttered at this
" sight brought her to herself; and re-
" collecting me at last, ' Is it you,
" ' Sainval?' said she to me, in a dying

" voice. ' What consolation for me,
" ' in this fatal moment, to be able to
" ' breathe my last sighs in your arms!'
" Summoning all her strengh, she in-
" formed me that the perfidious St.
" Hilaire, having sent away, under
" some pretence, the servant which
" attended them, had attempted to
" persuade her to abandon me, by re-
" presenting to her the misery into
" which she would sink with a man
" who was destitute of the means of
" supporting her in a proper manner;
" that having repelled with indignation
" so infamous a proposal, he had ap-
" peared to fear the consequences of his
" treachery, which he clearly fore-
" saw could not be long hidden
" from me; therefore laying aside the
" mask, he had availed himself of the
" darkness of the night to attempt her
" honour; and having found an in-
" vincible obstacle in the horror with

" which she opposed the attempt, he
" had become furious, had stabbed
" her with his sword, and had taken
" flight, carrying away with him the
" casket which I had entrusted to his
" care. Madame de Rouvière was
" scarcely able to finish the recital of
" this horrible incident. She ex-
" pired in my arms, enjoining me
" to preserve the remembrance of
" our love. I abandoned myself to
" the most bitter despair; I embraced
" the body of my unfortunate mistress,
" and vented the most bitter lamen-
" tations. I should have destroyed my-
" self, if I had had any arms about me.
" I determined to go and throw my-
" self into the Seine; when some pea-
" sants, who were passing by the spot,
" were attracted by the noise of my
" lamentations, and seeing a person
" dead, they ran to inform the magis-
" trates. The officers came; and

" though the profound grief in which I
" was might have exculpated me from
" the imputation of so atrocious a crime,
" I was conducted to the Chatelet,
" where I was thrown into a dismal
" dungeon as an assassin.

" I was examined on the next day.
" The judge, who was more clear-
" sighted, was affected by the state in
" which he saw me; but he gave me
" to understand, that he could not ac-
" quit me before a full and strict exa-
" mination of all the proofs. Upon the
" directions which I had given, the
" barbarous St. Hilaire had been pur-
" sued; and some days after, I was re-
" leased from my dungeon to be con-
" fronted with him. Though I was in
" irons, I flew on him as soon as I saw
" him, with a fury inconceivable by
" those who have not been in the situ-
" ation that I then was in; and the force
" with which I struck him was such,

"that in spite of the interference of the "guards, who attempted to oppose me, "I threw him upon the ground; "and falling upon him, endeavoured "to seize his neck with my teeth, as "my hands were fettered, and I should "have strangled him if he had not "been taken away from my rage. He "was so confounded by my conduct "and by the terrible reproaches with "which I loaded him, that he was not "able to conceal his guilt. Some of "my effects had also been found "upon him, and his clothes were still "bloody when he was arrested. He "soon after suffered the punishment "due to his crime."

CHAPTER V.

Continuation of the same Subject.

HERE Sainval paused; but soon resumed his recital, as follows:—" As " for me, I was released; but I was " unable to recover my casket. De- " prived of every thing, without for- " tune, inconsolable for the loss of my " mistress, and recollecting with hor- " ror that I had had a friend; in this " insupportable situation, I recollect- " ed that I was known to the Prior " of the Chartreux at Paris. I went " to him, related my misfortunes, beg- " ged him to give me an asylum in his " house, and informed him of my in- " tention to spend the rest of my days " there. The reflections which I had " had leisure to make in my prison, " had convinced me that I had acted

" contrary to the will of Providence,
" when I formed the design of quitting
" the post in which I was placed in the
" world; and though the kind of life
" which I was about to embrace appear-
" ed to me a civil death, I was too fully
" sensible that my misfortunes had ren-
" dered me incapable of undertaking
" any labour, and even of living longer
" in society. I was therefore admitted
" into my noviciate; and after the time
" prescribed, I made the customary
" vows. I passed some time in this
" manner, wholly occupied with my
" grief, and seeing nobody but an old
" servant and farmer of my father's,
" named Dubois, who had brought me
" up, to whom I had done some ser-
" vices, and who frequently came to
" the Chartreux to sympathise with me.
" At the end of two years I was chosen
" to succeed a monk who had just
" died, in the office of carrying provi-

" sions to another monk, who had been
" ten years confined in one of the cells
" of the convent. He had had some
" difference with the Prior of the house
" at that time, and dissatisfied with the
" life which he was leading, he had
" attempted to quit the order and the
" kingdom together; but being detect-
" ed and brought back to the convent,
" he had been condemned to this terri-
" ble punishment, which he had suf-
" fered so many years.

" I received this commission with
" less repugnance than might be sup-
" posed. I was not averse to the pre-
" sence of the unfortunate: on the
" contrary, I found a sort of consola-
" tion in weeping with them; and in
" sharing their grief, I seemed to feel
" my own less. Ah! where could I
" find an object more worthy of pity
" than the unfortunate being of whom
" I speak? I distinguished him, though

" with difficulty, by the dim light of a
" lamp, the first time I went to carry
" him his portion of bread, water, and
" cheese, which were renewed every
" three days. He was surprised to see
" me. He was ignorant that the
" monk who had so long brought him
" his food was dead, in the short
" space of time which had passed
" since his last provision was taken;
" and he inquired after him. I had
" orders not to answer his questions:
" but I detested the inhumanity of such
" a command; which, as I afterwards
" learnt, had been rigorously obeyed
" by my predecessor. I was brief, it
" is true, being afraid of observation;
" but it was easy for me to per-
" ceive the effect of the few words I
" had said, upon the mind of the poor
" man. I retired with the sweet re-
" flection of having given some conso-
" lation to the heart of a being like

" myself. I could not think without
" horror of the impression which his
" appearance had made upon me,
" when I first entered his cell. He
" was standing, fastened to the wall
" by a chain which hardly allowed him
" to take a few steps. He was ex-
" pecting, with impatience, his ordi-
" nary supply; the death of the man
" who usually brought it, having caused
" some derangement in the regularity
" with which he had been accustomed
" to receive it. Seeing a new face,
" he fixed his wandering eye upon me.
" I looked at him with an air of curio-
" sity, mingled with compassion, which
" did not escape him. It is impossi-
" ble to describe the effect which had
" been produced upon him by ten
" years of the most austere fasting and
" neglect: his extreme thinness, his
" long and dingy beard, his harsh and
" almost inarticulate voice, made a

" profound sensation upon my mind,
" and from that moment I determined
" to do every thing in my power to
" diminish the extreme rigour of his
" fate.

" He perceived my sensibility, and
" availed himself of it. He entreated
" of me, one day, to furnish him
" with the means of writing to
" the minister, to inform him of the
" cruelty with which he was treated.
" I agreed to his request: I did more,
" I charged Dubois with his letter. It
" was faithfully delivered, and produced
" the desired effect. Two officers of the
" police were directed to visit the con-
" vent of the Chartreux, disguised as fo-
" reigners; and when they should be
" at a certain place, to produce the
" King's order for opening a little
" door, which was under a private
" stair-case, and to bring out the man
" whom they should find shut up there.

" The thing was executed with exact-
" ness; the poor Chartreux was led
" from the convent, and well taken
" care of for six months, by the minis-
" ter's direction; who got him freed
" from his vows at Rome, and gave
" him a benefice among the regular
" canons of the order of the Feuillans,
" where he passed the rest of his days
" in happiness."

As soon as the stranger had made mention of the Chartreux who had been confined, I shewed a surprise which he remarked. He interrupted me to inquire the reason of it; and I related to him the anecdote I had heard from the Duke de Choiseul relative to such an adventure, which is mentioned in the fourth part of these Memoirs. The circumstances were exactly the same; and after some reflections arising from the subject, he thus went on with the sequel of his story.

" This event had inspired me with
" an extreme aversion for the house in
" which I was; and I thought, besides,
" that I was suspected of having as-
" sisted the prisoner in the information
" which had been communicated to
" government. Fearing, therefore, that
" I should be punished by being put in
" his place, I confided my suspicions to
" Dubois, who entered into my views:
" 'Sir,' said he to me, 'stay no longer
" 'here. Come, let us retire to the
" 'little place which I owe to your
" 'generosity: you are now fit for
" 'labour; we will cultivate it toge-
" 'ther; you will at least be free;
" 'you shall live alone as much as you
" 'please, and you will have the sa-
" 'tisfaction of thinking that you are
" 'not an useless being in the world:
" 'leave to me the care of securing
" 'your flight.' In fact, some days
after, Dubois found means of bring-

" ing to my cell a peasant's dress, which
" I put on; and at night I got over
" the walls by means of two garden
" ladders, which I tied together for the
" purpose. At the bottom of the wall
" I found Dubois, who was waiting
" for me in a coach which he drove
" himself: and the same day we
" reached his house, where we found
" his sister and his daughter (the latter
" about seventeen years old), who
" regulated his household and managed
" his farm.

" I had sincerely renounced the
" world, so that I gave myself up
" wholly to agriculture; and I found
" in the bodily exercise and the tran-
" quillity of this new mode of life,
" the most efficacious remedy for the
" oppression of my mind, without
" however losing the remembrance of
" my love. The sister of Dubois
" died; and he himself became so

" infirm, that the care of the farm de-
" volved entirely upon me. Accus-
" tomed as I had been from my in-
" fancy to love this good old man, I
" paid him all the attention of the most
" affectionate son, and had the satis-
" faction of seeing that I recompensed
" the zeal of several years in contri-
" buting to the happiness of his latter
" days. One thing only seemed to
" distress him: it was the fate of his
" only daughter; whom he was about
" to leave isolated and without protec-
" tion, in a world where innocence
" has so much need of it. I felt his
" anxiety for her; and read in his heart
" the wishes he had formed, but which
" respect for me prevented him from
" declaring. I was the first to break
" silence upon the subject. 'My
" 'dear Dubois,' said I one day to
" him, when he had communicated to
" me his fears respecting the lot of his

" daughter after his death, 'have you
" 'any husband in view for Betsey?'
" 'I have only one,' said he to me,
" with a look of fear and desire: 'but
" 'whom I rather wish than hope for.
" 'If I could leave her in his hands
" 'I should die content.' Love did
" not address my heart in favour of
" his daughter, but gratitude and gene-
" rosity would not suffer me to leave
" him long in uncertainty. 'I un-
" 'derstand you,' cried I, interrupt-
" ing him: 'I will be your son-in-law
" 'if you wish it, after having been
" 'so long your son: upon condition,
" 'however, that it is also the wish
" 'of Betsey herself.'—'She will
" 'consent,' replied he, quickly:
" 'I have beheld with pleasure her
" 'sentiments towards you, which
" 'your kindness will still better un-
" 'fold. Give me leave to send her
" 'to explain them herself.' He

" immediately called his daughter, who
" received the intimation of our de-
" sign, blushing, and with a timi-
" dity which did not prevent her joy
" from appearing; and our union fol-
" lowed soon after this explanation.

" I became the parent of two boys
" and a girl; and the duties of a hus-
" band and a father, added to the oc-
" cupations of our farm, made the
" most delightful days succeed the
" stormy times of my youth. The re-
" membrance of Madame de Rouvière
" comes often to disturb the calm of
" my life; but without losing the sen-
" timents I formerly entertained for
" her, I begin gradually to think of her
" with less grief. I can do myself the
" justice to say, that I am not faithless
" to her. I love Betsey, as a good man
" ought to love a virtuous and tender
" wife. I have for the memory of my
" early love a lively and delicate feel-

" ing, which makes me forget every
" thing except my duties, to dwell upon
" the idea of her whom I loved so
" much, and who still constitutes the
" dearest delight of my heart and my
" imagination."

My host had scarcely finished the recital of his misfortunes, when his amiable wife entered. Her husband introduced us to each other; and she appeared to me, from her figure, manners, and conversation, extremely well calculated to constitute the happiness of a virtuous man in the country. Supper was soon served; and after the repast I was conducted to a plain and neat chamber, where I found a very good bed. I fell asleep, reflecting upon the strange story of the adventures of the unfortunate stranger; and the next morning at day break, after the ordinary compliments, a good breakfast, and many thanks and offers of service on

my part, which have never led to any thing, I took leave of my hosts, and returned to Arras; where I took care to say nothing of what had happened, for fear of being asked a thousand importunate questions.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of our Journey.— Residence in Paris.—The Iron Mask.

We arrived at Paris; where Lady Mountstuart wished to stay a week, to recruit her strength and see the fashions. I went with her one day to the shop of the famous Mademoiselle Bertin, and had then an opportunity of admiring in her the extent of a lady's memory and judgment in what concerns dress. Her ladyship was three hours standing, to order at least fifty different things for herself and her daughters. As she knew very little French, she was obliged to learn, on that occasion, the names of almost all the various dresses and colours which she wanted.

Not one escaped her: she returned fifty times to several articles, with a precision which gave me the greatest astonishment. She forgot nothing. She gave her directions upon every point with a clearness and accuracy worthy of a commander in the field; and was so exhausted by the fatigue she was undergoing, without being sensible of it at the time, that when she got home, she was taken ill and fainted.

I availed myself of the stay which we made in Paris, to see the Countess de Boufflers. My first visit was to her house. I met there the Abbé de Bréteuil, uncle of the Ambassadors of that name, and brother of the celebrated Marchioness du Chatelet, the friend and *Urania* of Voltaire. When he was gone, Madame de Boufflers told me a very pleasant anecdote of him, concerning his relationship. He was one day in company with some fo-

reigners, where one of them happened to mention the works of the Marchioness du Chatelet, of whom he was a great admirer; upon which some person present told him, that he saw before him a brother of that lady "What, Sir!" said the stranger, quite surprised, "are you the brother of the "Marchioness du Chatelet? Do you "belong, Sir, to that lady, who is so "ingenious and so worthy of every "praise?"—Yes, Sir," answered the Abbé de Bréteuil, "*j'ai cet esprit-là.*"

I met at that lady's, one day, the Baron de Bréteuil, who had returned from Naples, and was appointed Ambassador at Vienna. This was at the time when high head-dresses were in fashion; and I heard him say, that when he was on the road with his daughter, Madame de Matignon, reasoning with her upon the excess to which that fashion was then carried, he had

strongly exhorted her to keep within just bounds, and that she had promised to regulate herself by the Duchess de Fitzjames. The Baron de Bréteuil, who thought that lady a proper example to follow, had highly approved of the idea. The moment after their arrival, the Duchess de Fitzjames came to pay a visit to Madame de Matignon, with a head-dress of two feet high. M. de Bréteuil, alarmed at the model which his daughter had proposed for herself, could not help acquainting Madame de Fitzjames with the fright which her presence had caused him. The King laughed at this with the Baron de Bréteuil; and as the Queen carried the fashion as far as any body, his Majesty said to the Baron, smiling, "Sir, fathers and "husbands must not meddle with those "affairs."

During the short time I was in Paris, I had an opportunity of acquiring some

information upon a subject which has long occupied the curiosity of the lovers of anecdotes: I mean the *Iron Mask*. I will relate what I learnt, which has supplied me with a conjecture that it may not be amiss to state here; particularly concerning an expression of the King's to the Duke de Choiseul, which has overturned all the suppositions hitherto made upon the subject.

About the year 1685, the Duke of Mantua, wishing to oppose the designs of France, sent his prime minister to all the Courts of Italy, to engage them to form a league against their common enemy. This person, who was a very skilful negociator, succeeded in persuading all the powers of Italy to enter into the views of his master. None remained but the Duke of Savoy, and the Mantuan minister came to Turin to detach him from the interests of France. The Cabinet of Versailles, on being in-

formed of the proceedings of this minister, gave instructions upon the subject to the Marquis d'Arcy, then Ambassador from France at Turin. The latter began by many civilities to the minister of the Duke of Mantua: he invited him to many parties; and among others to a hunt, which led them to the borders of Pignerol, a town then belonging to France. As soon as they were upon the territories of France, some men, who had been hired for the purpose, carried off the Mantuan minister, conducted him to Pignerol, and thence to the Isle of Saint Marguerite; where he remained under the care of M. St. Mark and Major Rosarges till 1690, when they received orders to bring him to the Bastille. For two years the world was ignorant of the fate of the Mantuan minister; when, in 1687, there appeared in the *Histoire*

*abrégée de l'Europe,** a letter written from Turin, which gave an account of the manner in which he had disappeared. But as the French Ambassador had concerted his measures with so much precaution, that it was almost impossible to furnish proof of this fact, it was thought prudent to deny it positively; lest all sovereigns, whose prerogatives and dignity had been thus attacked by so manifest a violation of the law of nations, might be incensed against the Cabinet of Versailles.

On the 19th of November, 1703, the Iron Mask died in the Bastille, and was interred next day in the burial ground of St. Paul. This we learn from the journal of Dujonca, Lieutenant of the Bastille. It is proper to

* Printed by Claude Jordan at Leyden, Vol. III, p. 33, art. *Mantua.*

weigh that circumstance well with the following. It has been found by the Register of the Parish of St. Paul, that on the 20th of November, 1703, a man of about forty-five years of age, named *Marchiali*, had been buried there, in the presence of Major Rosarges and the Surgeon of the Bastille. Now Rosarges was the person who had kept the Iron Mask ever since he had been conducted to the Isle of Saint Marguerite. The name of *Marchiali* being Italian, increases the presumption*; and the comparison of the Journal of Dujonca with the register of the parish of St. Paul, leaves us no doubt that this Marchiali was the mi-

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* See Saint Foix, *Essai sur Paris*, Vol. VI, edit. 1776. The name of the Secretary of State to the Duke of Mantua in 1685, was Count Girolamo Magni; but, according to all appearance, that of Marchiali was a fictitious appellation.

nister of the Duke of Mantua, carried off and confined in the above manner. The Court of France had too much interest in burying in the most profound silence such a fact as this, not to have led the public attention astray in all the accounts relative to the Iron Mask; and in order to annihilate with one word, all the suppositions which have hitherto been raised to solve this historical problem, I shall only say, that the Duke de Choiseul several times told me that Louis XV. had one day said, that he was informed of the truth of the history of the Iron Mask. The Duke was very curious to penetrate the mystery, and went as far as he could to beg His Majesty to reveal it to him; but the King would never say any thing more; except that, among all the conjectures which had hitherto been made upon the subject, there was

none true. But some time after, Madame de Pompadour having pressed the King upon the matter, he told her that the Iron Mask was a minister of a prince of Italy; and Madame de Pompadour mentioned this to the Duke de Choiseul.

To strengthen this conjecture, I will add, that the Abbé Barthélemy informed me, that being acquainted with the Marquis de Castellane, governor of the Isle of Saint Marguerite, he begged him to procure what tradition might have preserved of the Iron Mask. Upon his return the Marquis gave him a memoir, which I have seen, written by a man of the name of Claude Souchon, then seventy-nine years old; the son of Jaques Souchon, a cadet in the independant company of Castellane, who had been in the secret of M. de St. Mark, relative to this sub-

ject. Claude Souchon says, in this memoir, that he frequently heard it said by his father and by the Sieur Favre, chaplain to M. de St. Mark, that the prisoner kept with so much care and mystery in the Isle of Saint Marguerite, and whom he calls the Iron Mask, was an envoy from the Empire to the Court of Turin; and he relates the carrying off of that minister, with almost all the circumstances mentioned in the letter above cited. This inferior officer confounded an envoy from the Duke of Mantua, who was a prince of the Empire, with an envoy from the Empire. He adds, that the minister was given in charge to M. de St. Mark, near Fenestrelles: and that M. de St. Mark obliged him, under pain of death, to write to his secretary at Turin to bring him his papers; in consequence of which, the secretary arrived

with the papers, which were sent immediately to M. de Louvois. Souchon says besides, that the Iron Mask died nine years after, in the Isle of St. Marguerite; and contradicts several assertions of Voltaire: among others the story of the plate and the fisherman, and that the Iron Mask had been conducted to the Bastille by M. de St. Mark. Now if Voltaire is so essentially mistaken, relative to the circumstances which he has assured us he had from such good authority, we may well call in question a great part of what he has added, to give an air of the marvellous to this celebrated anecdote.

Let the reader weigh well the connection between all these testimonies, so distant from each other in time and place: the letter from Turin, the memoir of Souchon, the declaration of Louis XV., all authentic, and agreeing

so well together; and the conjecture that the Iron Mask was no other than the prime-minister of the Duke of Mantua, becomes evidently correct.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Turin.— First public Appearance of Lord Mountstuart. — Princess de Carignan.

We set out from Paris, after having made purchases to the amount of about forty thousand livres (£1700), in dresses, furniture, and jewels.

To calm the fears of her ladyship, I sent for the *accoucheur* of the Queen of Sardinia from Turin to Lyons, and he received a hundred guineas for the journey. There remained one difficulty, which was the method of passing the Alps; and to obviate the necessity of crossing them in a carriage, I procured a sort of camp-bed to be constructed at Lyons, in which she was conveyed by men from Lyons to Turin without any accident.

After his Lordship's presentation at court, and after having exhibited a most charming figure, supported by the most refined taste, he judged it necessary to have a female friend, according to the custom of Italy. This was not difficult; his person, his rank, every thing contributed to render the choice easy for him; and the young ladies of the Court employed all the charms with which they were endowed both by nature and art, to secure so brilliant a conquest: but the Princess de Carignan, of the House of Lorrain, and married to a prince of the blood royal of Savoy, seemed the only one worthy of his homage.

Unfortunately for his lordship, the foreign ministers had not, for ten years, visited the Carignan family, on account of a new regulation in etiquette which had been introduced there. It was his lordship's predecessor who had been the

first to withdraw, and he had been followed by all the other ministers of the second rank. Lord Mountstuart undertook, however, to remove this obstacle. He first wished that the Prince de Carignan, in favour of his birth and quality, should grant him the arm chair as to ambassadors: but that was impossible; the etiquette of the Court would not allow such an innovation. On my being consulted upon the subject, my advice was, that since his chief object was to visit the Princess de Carignan, he ought not to be deterred by considerations of such trifling importance: could he, who aspired to the glory of being at the feet of so amiable a princess, ceremoniously hesitate as to the sort of chair in which he should sit with her? My remark struck him, and decided his conduct; he was presented at the house of the Princess de Carignan, and that very night passed

an hour in her box at the opera. The retreat of the foreign ministers having greatly chagrined the Carignan family, their return (for they followed Lord Mountstuart) was very agreeable to them; and the Prince and Princess, acknowledged they owed to him this obligation, gave him the most gracious reception, and testified the greatest satisfaction.

The Princess de Carignan possessed an elegant figure, a dignified air, and an easy carriage; her eyes were lively and sparkling; she had regular features, a pretty mouth, and a brown, but smooth and clear complexion.

In the estimation of those who were qualified to appreciate the mind and character of the Princess de Carignan, it was not possible to find a more amiable woman. She possessed an enlightened mind, accomplished, quick, just, and solid, and able to comprehend every

subject to which she applied; her conversation was gay or serious, according to the occasion, but always agreeable. She had a good, generous, noble, and elevated soul, and a heart highly susceptible of friendship. Perhaps it might have been equally susceptible of love, if the extreme delicacy of her sentiments had not rendered the choice of an object too difficult. This disposition, and a certain elevation of character, frequently the guard of female virtue, had always preserved the heart of the Princess from the dangers of that passion; but though she did not yield to its attacks, she was fond of making it the subject of conversation, and nobody knew better how to analyse the sentiment.

The Princess de Carignan was also fond of proposing in conversation subjects for discussion, and questions to resolve; and I had the satisfaction to see

that she preferred my solutions to those of every one else. It was for her that I wrote the history of Miss Ray, to prove that events frequently pass under our eyes, as tragical as those which we find in romances; and I produced that, to shew the fatal effects of love, which she had desired me to write upon. She afterwards requested me to depict the effects of coquetry. I collected all the features of character which I had remarked in several coquettes. I took, for the subject of my history, a pretty woman of the time; I wrought upon it all these features united; and disguising the names, composed a story mixed with truth, which ought to have a place here, but which I suppress for reasons which it would be useless to mention.

CHAPTER VIII.

Situation of Duchillou in the House of Lord Mountstuart.

It was by such amusements that the Princess de Carignan liked to employ the hours which she devoted to society. Lord Mountstuart was the person who shone most there: his handsome figure, his noble air, and easy manner, prepossessed every one in his favour. It was a pleasure to accommodate oneself to subjects which pleased him, and on which he appeared to the greatest advantage.

I omit many things here which might amuse my readers; and which indeed I had written, but have since suppressed. Let it suffice to say, that my zeal and my friendship for Lord Mountstuart were not useless to him; and I must do him the justice to declare, that he seemed sensible of it.

However, at the very time when I was rendering Lord Mountstuart essential services, I thought I perceived that her ladyship and he had no longer the same regard for me. Their conversation became cold and reserved. In a short time her ladyship even went so far as not to speak to me, without my being at all able to imagine the cause of it. His Lordship became also less open, and no longer communicated his dispatches to me. I learnt from another quarter, that there had been some attempts to insinuate to him, that I was thought at Turin to have the management of the King's affairs at that Court, and that I had been placed near him for that purpose. This report was false, and he well knew that it was: but whatever was the motive, it was not difficult for me to see that his conduct towards me was altered.

In the mean time, the brother of

Lord Mountstuart, who had been to visit Rome, returned to Turin. I seized this opportunity of begging him to prevail upon his Lordship and his Lady to explain their conduct towards me, declaring that I was resolved to stay no longer in their house. His Lordship told him that he had nothing to reproach me with; that, on the contrary, I had conducted myself with the greatest attention towards his Lady; he added, that he should be sorry if I quitted him, and that he begged me to think no more of it. Mr. Stuart spoke to her Ladyship: he made her sensible of the injury she was doing her husband, by obliging the only friend he had in Turin to leave him. She promised to act differently, and kept her word. I asked Mr. Stuart what was the complaint which her Ladyship could possibly have against me; he gave me no other answer,

than that it was too frivolous to be mentioned, and I could never prevail upon him to tell me: so that, at the moment I am now writing, I am in absolute ignorance upon the subject, and have never been able to imagine the motives of so extraordinary a proceeding.

Mr. Stuart set out for London. After his departure her Ladyship resumed her late conduct towards me. Tired of the uncertainty of my situation, I pleaded my health as an excuse, and talked of going to drink the waters of Amphion near Geneva; but while I was preparing for my journey, Lord Mountstuart received a courier from his Court, which obliged him to go to London. This measure was attended with difficulties: his secretary was not in a state to take charge of the public business, and there was then nobody at Turin to whom he could confide them

but myself. He told me that the King, in granting him permission to return to England to attend to his private concerns, had given him orders to leave the care of his Majesty's affairs in my hands; and he asked me if I would have the kindness to take charge of them. However little reason I had to acquiesce in this proposal, the consideration which I had for his family, and my respect and attachment to his father, induced me to consent to it: besides, I was not sorry to find myself again in a situation which had formerly so much pleased me. I flattered myself that I should have an opportunity of doing some service to my Court, and of obtaining some new recompence; and I therefore accepted the offer.

CHAPTER IX.

Ministry of short Duration.—Etiquette of the Saxon Ambassadors.—Bon-mots of two Ladies.—What constitutes a Man's Country.—Departure from Turin.

I RESOLVED to make use of the interval of Lord Mountstuart's absence, to do myself honour with the Court of London. I took all the pains in the world to procure the best information. I had the confidence of the Count de Perron, and of the foreign ministers at the Court of Turin. I had many friends in town, and many correspondents; and I will venture to say that my dispatches were frequently interesting. I even know that they were approved; but the ministers who composed the cabinet of London were so occupied in

supporting their measures against the party in opposition, that they paid but little attention to me; and when I solicited a very moderate gratuity, of which I stood in need, I never received any answer upon the subject. This neglect completely disgusted me with the service, and I determined to renounce it as soon as Lord Mountstuart should return.

An event happened about that time at the Court of Turin, which gave rise to many reflections; and as it is singular and rather curious, relative to the etiquette of the diplomatic corps, I I think it not unnecessary to preserve it from oblivion, by giving it a place in these Memoirs.

The King of Sardinia was then about to marry the Princess Caroline, his daughter, to Prince Anthony of Saxony, brother of the Elector. Two months before the arrival of the Saxon

ambassador, who was to make the demand in form, the Spanish ambassador at the Court of Turin had asked permission of the Queen of Sardinia, the sister of the King his master, to solicit leave of absence; adding, that he should not think of departing before the marriage of the Princess, which was to be celebrated in the month of September. It was then not known with what character the minister from Saxony would be invested; but some time after it was learnt, that he was coming to Turin in quality of ambassador extraordinary.

The ambassador of France immediately announced the receipt of letters, which obliged him to go to France on important business; and he set out fifteen days before the arrival of the Electoral ambassador. The Spanish ambassador, a short time after, changed his mind, and fixed his departure for

the tenth of September; that is to say, five or six days before the arrival of the Saxon ambassador. Their departure induced a belief that etiquette had caused the recal of these two ministers; who being regarded as family-ambassadors, should rather have returned upon such an occasion if they had been absent, than depart when they were actually upon the spot. It was justly thought that they were authorised in their proceeding by their respective Courts, to avoid agitating the question, whether or not they should pay the first visit to the ambassador extraordinary of the Elector of Saxony.

A case nearly similar happened at Vienna, upon the marriage of the Emperor Joseph to the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor wished that the French ambassador should pay the first visit to the ambassador of the Elector, and he procured

an order from the Court of Versailles for that ambassador to do so: but this visit was accompanied with a protestation, that it should not be considered as any precedent for the future; so that the question cannot be said to have been decided relative to the Court of France; though with respect to the Court of Vienna, the desire which they had that the same honour should be paid to the Electoral ambassador as to those of crowned heads, was a sufficient proof of the rank which they were disposed to grant him.

In fact, all the declarations of the Emperors, during the century, state that the ambassadors of Electors shall take precedence of those of all republics, and of those Princes who may be present in person who are not Kings: and besides, that the same honours shall be paid, in every thing, to the ambassadors of Electors, as to the

ambassadors of Kings. From this it appears, that the policy of the Court of Vienna is to raise its own dignity, by placing, if it can, the Electors, its vassals, upon a level with Kings.

This marriage attracted many foreigners, and gave occasion for the most brilliant entertainments, in which the Court of Turin displayed all that magnificence which it knew so well how to shew upon grand occasions. Among these foreigners was a young man who was very thin and very tall: he excited the curiosity of a lady, and she asked who he was? She was told that he was a young Englishman. What was his profession? He was intended for the church. "Say rather for the steeple," replied she immediately, with vivacity. This sally reminded me of a *bon-mot* of a lady at Paris, who being one day in a company where she met a very tall young man whom she did not know,

inquired who he was; and learning that he was the son of Crébillon: "What!" said she, "is that *tall* boy "the son of that *great* man?"

At one of these entertainments I observed a Frenchman, who appeared to be talking of me. Soon afterwards he came up to me, and without any ceremony, said: "But, Sir, you are a Frenchman." I was aware of the insinuation which he wished to convey, and was offended at the impertinent manner in which he did it. "And why so, Sir?" said I. — "Because you were born in "France," said he.—"But, Sir, a man "is not a horse because he happens to "be born in a stable." He was so confounded by an answer which he so little expected, that he could not say another word, and left me apparently not very well satisfied with himself for endeavouring to embarrass me. At another time I gave a very different answer to

the same question, which was asked in a very different manner. It was at Rome, where I had formed an acquaintance with Monseigneur de Bayonne, auditor of the rota, a prelate of great talents, taste, and politeness. I had received from him, on several occasions, the most courteous treatment; and I felt a desire to cultivate an intimacy with him, which was not very far removed from the sentiment of friendship. He knew that I was born in France, and that I had exercised the functions of British minister at Turin: he had frequently heard mentioned in company the singularity of these circumstances; and giving to the conversation a turn on that subject, "It "seems, Sir," said he to me, "that "you should have been one of us." I was not sorry to have an opportunity of explaining myself upon this point; and I answered, without hesitation, "Sir,

" I have done what I could to be a
" Frenchman, but it has not been in
" my power to acquire that honour;
" and as I could not belong to that
" brilliant nation, what better could I
" do than to become an Englishman?
" I was born in France: that was the
" first step towards being one of you;
" but that is not sufficient to be a
" Frenchman. I am a native of France,
" it is true; but isolated, expatriated.
" Born of protestant parents, the
" laws of the country do not acknow-
" ledge their marriage as legitimate.
" Could I stay in a country where
" every thing was refused to me,
" even the legitimacy of my birth;
" where the avenues of fortune were
" barred against me; and where I
" could follow no pursuit? England
" naturally offered me an asylum. I
" sought refuge there: she received
" me as a mother. I entered into the

"diplomatic corps; and I have four "times been honoured with the confi- "dence of the British government, "who have rewarded my services with "a pension. I entered into the church, "and I have received a benefice. Let "any impartial mind judge, could I "be a Frenchman when I wished to "be one? and ought I not now, in "every respect, to be an Englishman, "even if I should not wish it?" M. de Bayonne seemed highly satisfied with my answer; and I afterwards made him laugh, by telling him what I had before said to one of his countrymen, which he greatly approved.

Some months after I had expected his arrival, Lord Mountstuart at length returned to Turin. I only waited for that event, to leave this city. We met without much interest. I had given him to understand by my letters, that my health required a change of air; and after

having returned the papers of the King into his hands, and given him an account of what had passed in his absence, I took leave of him, but not without some regret. I was sincerely attached to him. I did justice to all the good qualities with which he was endowed; and when I met him in London, he testified the same predilection for me: and her Ladyship received me as if she wished to make me forget every thing unpleasant that had happened.

CHAPTER X.

Reflections upon the Great.—Sir Horace Mann.—Prince Craon.—Viscount de C . . .—Marquis de Narbonne.

If I had profited by the frequent lessons which I had received of the dangers of forming connections with the great, it was now time for me to think of a retreat. The state of my fortune, my age, my taste for study, every thing called me to a retired life: but I was not yet cured of my rage for the society of the great. I must confess that, in my intercourse with them, I had acquired a refinement in my manner of living, thinking, and even speaking; which rendered every thing that differed from it insupportable to me. I liked that urbanity, that taste, that elegance of manners and conversation,

which were to be found in no other class of men so much as among them. I therefore resolved to form no more engagements of interest with them, to rely no more upon their promises, but merely to devote my time to those, whose kindness and friendship I had experienced. Armed with these precautions, I thought I might, without danger, not only live in their circle, but perhaps still enjoy my independence among them. In this persuasion I determined to make a tour in Italy, again to view the beauties and antiquities of that charming country, and there pass my time until certain projects, then in embryo, were brought to maturity.

I had not, for a long time, experienced greater satisfaction in quitting any place, than I felt on this occasion in leaving Turin. It was in the end of November; the weather was very bad, and I was obliged to pass the night in a

wretched inn at Crescentino. Notwithstanding this, I never found myself in a more tranquil and more contented frame of mind; and I slept eight hours upon a muleteer's bed, a repose which I did not enjoy once during my stay at Turin. I wished to pass the winter at Rome; but as I was in no hurry to get there, I resolved to stay some days at Bologna and Florence, the society of which places I was desirous of being better acquainted with. I had letters for Cardinal Buoncompagni, legate of Bologna, who received me in the most cordial and most polite manner. Though he had attained the purple, he was not yet forty years old. He was a very handsome man, possessed a great deal of grace and dignity in his demeanour, and had much wit and information. He began the conversation with me in English, which he spoke and wrote with tolerable facility; and I had every

reason to congratulate myself upon my desire to be introduced to him.

I had several acquaintances at Bologna: among others, Prince Lambertini, nephew of Pope Benedict XIV; and the Countess Bianchi, a French lady by birth, whom I had known at Turin as well as her husband, and whom I was very glad to see again. She was related, on her mother's side, to several persons whom I loved and esteemed in France, which, in some measure, contributed to cement our acquaintance. She was niece of M. de Montauban, Bishop of Nancy, and afterwards Archbishop of Auch; and of Madame de Clermont of the Palais Royale: and grand-daughter of the Count de Montauban, chamberlain to the Duke of Orleans, remarkable for his absence of mind, which was scarcely inferior to that of the famous Count de Brancas. I recollect one instance

among a thousand, which well deserves to be related. One day, when he was attending the Duke of Orleans, the valet-de-chambre having brought him that Prince's coat, which it was his business to present, M. de Montauban, in a moment of inadvertency, immediately put it on himself; though the Duke was so exceedingly large, that there was scarcely any man for whom it might not serve as a great coat. The Duke, who saw this mistake, made a sign to the valet not to notice it; and M. de Montauban, in his master's coat, continued his reveries. The Duke presently called him, and sent him with some message to the drawing-room of the Duchess of Chartres. He ran thither, and could not comprehend what excited the laughter of the assembly; till at last some person remarked that he was wearing the Duke of Orleans's coat as a great coat, though

decorated with a star, and reaching to his heels. The Countess had a cousin, who was also a Montauban by birth, and who was married at Bologna, to M. de Marandoni; and it was singular enough to see two French ladies of the same town and of the same family, married, at the same time, in the same city of Italy.

I did not stop long at Bologna, wishing to spend some time at Florence before I went to Rome. I had the pleasure to find the worthy and respectable Sir Horace Mann, enjoying perfect health, and the veneration of all the inhabitants of that city. He had been nearly fifty years minister of the King of England at Florence, and was consequently the eldest of the diplomatic corps of Europe; and during this long space of time, he had not only never given the least displeasure to the people or to the Court, but there was

not a single individual there, who had not some occasion to praise his kindness, his liberality, his politeness, his complaisance, or his charity. His prudence had conciliated all hearts; his attentions in society had merited the respect of the whole nobility; and his engaging affability had won the love of all his inferiors. I have twenty times seen the women and children among the common people point him out to each other, saying, "there is "the Chevalier Mann." When his carriage passed, people stopped, as before that of their sovereign, to salute him, and to obtain one of his kind looks; and I saw, with inexpressible pleasure, the joy which his presence diffused over the countenances of all the good people of Florence. He was almost the only one to do the honours of the city to foreigners; who never failed to provide themselves with letters for

him, and to be received by him with all the politeness and cordiality possible. Besides the grand dinners which he gave upon all occasions, his house was open every Saturday throughout the year, and in the summer his gardens were illuminated. An assembly was held there, and it had the appearance of a public entertainment. Such was the excellent man whose friendship I had the honour to possess. I had for twenty years maintained an epistolary correspondence with him, and had seen him very often in the different visits I had made to Florence. I stopped there, this time, solely on his account. We were often together, and I scarcely ever knew a man whose conversation afforded so inexhaustible a fund of amusing instruction. He possessed exquisite good sense, consummate experience in business, a prodigious memory, a placid cheerfulness,

and unequalled affability. At my return from Rome to Florence, it was not my intention to remain there long; but seeing that my company gave him pleasure, I laid aside all the engagements I had formed to give him more of my time.

Among the charms of Sir Horace Mann's conversation, the number of anecdotes with which his memory was stored was not the least. He had seen the extinction of the house of Medici, the accession of the house of Lorraine at Florence, and three generations of all the travelling nobility of Europe; and I had full leisure to satisfy my curiosity upon many subjects, which it would have been difficult to find any where but in his memory. He acquainted me with several circumstances relative to Gaston de Medicis, which certainly will never find a place in history. I was very curious to know the

character of the Prince de Craon, and of several other considerable personages of that time; and he painted them so well, that I now seem to have lived with them.

The Prince de Craon, father of Prince de Beauveau, possessed all the qualities which constitute a great nobleman. He was rich, magnificent, noble, and frank; had an elevated mind; and found every thing easy, because he never looked at difficulties, not even where they really existed, and was always ready to cut the Gordian knot when he could not untie it. He came to Florence in the latter years of Gaston de Medicis, with the title of Minister Plenipotentiary, to be in readiness to take possession of Tuscany in the name of the Duke of Lorraine at the death of Gaston, which did not appear very distant. The grandees and nobles were eager to pay their court to him; and each asked

to be appointed to one of the first offices when they should become vacant, by a change of masters. He wished to keep on good terms with every body; and was never embarrassed for an answer, because he promised the same place to twenty different persons. When the Grand Duke Gaston died, and it was in contemplation to appoint the various officers, each of the candidates reminded him of his zeal, and of the promises which he had received. He could not satisfy all, having promised the same place to several; so that the greater number complained of him; and, in his astonishment at their doing so, he said to Sir Horace: "What singular people these Florentines are! They take civilities for engagements."

Not a foreigner of distinction came to Florence who did not pay a visit to Sir Horace Mann and dine at his house, which produced a variety of company

highly amusing to an observer. I saw there, one day, among others, M. de * * *, Ambassador of France at Naples, who was returning to Paris. After dinner a fine picture of Raphael was brought to be disposed of; for it was said that the Ambassador was an amateur, who paid well for the capital works of great masters. All the company agreed in praising the picture; particularly the design, in which Raphael surpassed all other painters. Upon this the Ambassador expressed himself as follows: "Well, really, this is "not bad; not bad, I assure you:" and then taking out his pencil, "However, I would have altered something "in the outline of this arm, and of that "leg, in this manner. See: it seems "to me that this would be better." We looked at each other, and smiled; and could not sufficiently wonder at the ignorance of a man of the world,

who had the presumption to think himself capable of correcting the design of Raphael.

I was very near being implicated in a quarrel with a Chevalier B——, who seeing me one day with Sir Horace Mann, came up to me with the greatest forwardness, exclaiming: "Ah! "are you there, my dear Sir? I am "delighted to see you!" From this salutation, any one would have taken us for the best friends in the world: the truth was, that I had seen this person sometimes at Turin; but had never spoken to him, and did not even know his name, which I was obliged to ask him. He was so much offended with my ignorance, as to be angry with me; and I had great difficulty in bringing him to reason. The Marquis de Narbonne made a happy sally upon a similar occasion. He was one day accosted at Versailles by a gentleman whom

he recollected to have seen frequently in the country, but whose name he had never known. The gentleman, running up to him, said: "Ah! my dear "friend, how do you do?"—"Very "well, my dear friend," said the Marquis looking at him; "but pray, "who are you?"

CHAPTER XI.

Anecdote of Don Antonio.—Signora Maria Pizzelli.—New Proposal of the Duke of Northumberland.

I NEVER visited any man with whom I could spend more time alone, without being tired, than with Sir Horace Mann. This must be attributed to that desire which he evinced, rather to display the goodness of his heart than the brilliancy of his wit; and I have always remarked, that a great fund of good nature is a much better preservative against *ennui*, than all the powers of the most brilliant imagination. Besides, to live upon terms of good understanding with mankind, we do not so much require their wit as their indulgence. How frequently does it happen indeed, that we are fatigued with a man of

wit and knowledge; whereas, we are never tired of a good and honest heart. We feel the superiority of the one in spite of ourselves, and it puts a constraint on us; we find ourselves out of our place with them. As to good-nature, on the contrary, we do not suppose ourselves to yield, in that respect, to any one. We are at ease with good people: but *ennui* follows very close upon constraint, and when we experience that, we are soon disposed to part. I do not know whether a certain Don Antonio **, Secretary to the Spanish Embassy at Turin, regulated his conduct by this principle; I only remember, that the Count d'Aguilar, his Ambassador, desired once very much to take him into the country with him; but he would never go. The Ambassador urging him to tell him the reason of his refusal; "Because," said the secretary, "I should get tired of your Excellen-

" cy, and your Excellency would get " tired of me; and it is, therefore, " better for each of us to stay at " home." — *Perchè seccherò vuestra Excellenza, vuestra Excellenza mi seccherà, e per questo, è meglio ch' io stia a casa mia.*

The inclement season was approaching, and I wished to pass the winter at Rome; I therefore quitted Florence, though with regret, resolved to make a longer stay there upon my return. I was impatient, once more, to see this metropolis of the world, for which I had always entertained the greatest predilection, and particularly to be near Signora Maria Pizzelli, who, of all the women I knew, was the one for whom I had always felt the most sincere friendship; I had the greatest esteem for the excellence of her understanding, and the uprightness and frankness of her character; I admired the

superiority of her genius and her talents, which were incessantly developing themselves in some new way; but I particularly admired in her that sweetness of temper which was proof against every trial, that extreme sensibility for every thing which concerned her friends, and that zeal for their glory, which possessed her whole heart. She was the first who made me feel how amiable these qualities appeared to others; and I was so fully persuaded of their influence, that in endeavouring to imitate them, I made it my duty to possess the same virtues; or if I did not always find them naturally in myself, at least to assume their effects. Perhaps the desire I had to resemble her, in this respect, had made her discover a conformity of sentiments in me which inspired her with the tender friendship she always evinced for me; that which I had vowed to her did not allow me to

be indifferent respecting her fate. Her husband was not rich, and she did not enjoy that ease which suited her situation in society and the elevation of her mind: I therefore determined to go to Rome, in the hope that the great number of friends I had there, might enable me to ameliorate her circumstances. My first care, on my arrival, was to endeavour to do this. I had letters for Cardinal Zelada: I was acquainted with the Cardinals de Lances, de Bernis, Gerdil, and Visconti; but I received no aid from them in seconding my good intentions. There is no class of men less disposed to oblige than the Cardinals at Rome, nor any more occupied in employing their influence in promoting their own views, particularly those who are excluded from the popedom. Having nothing more to expect, they become indiffe-

rent, and feel no desire to oblige any one.

At Rome I led the life which was most suited to my mind and inclination: the day was devoted to researches congenial with my taste, or in walking in the retired gardens, in which that city abounds more than any other in Europe; the evening was spent in a circle of friends assembled at Signora Maria's, and sometimes in the grand assemblies at the house of Cardinal de Bernis; the Spanish Ambassador; Prince Rezzonico, senator of Rome; the Princess Santa-Croce, and M. de Bayonne. I never was more free, more tranquil, and more happy; when I received letters from the Duke of Northumberland and my friend Langlois, the same whose advice had drawn me from my retirement in the country, to accompany Lord Mountstuart to Turin. He was then under Secretary of State in the office of

foreign affairs under Lord Stormont. He was really fond of me; an acquaintance of twenty years had insensibly grown into friendship, and he took all the interest of a true friend in my fate. He was very much with the Duke of Northumberland, and I had informed him of every thing that had passed between us; of my attachment to the Duke, of my services to his family, of his offers and my refusal. He undertook to induce my return to England, by persuading that nobleman to serve me, in a manner more worthy of himself and of me. He frequently conversed with him relative to me; and finding that he regretted his not having been able to attach me wholly to himself, he persuaded him to write to me, pressing me to return to him; and he himself wrote to me, offering, in the Duke's name, an annuity for life of five hundred pounds, if I would give him

my society for the short time he had to live.

This offer was different from that which he had made me some years before, in as much as the pension was for life: it would have tempted many other persons; but I was not to be shaken. I replied in vague terms to the Duke's letter; but I opened my heart to my friend. I wrote to him, that I found the greatest repugnancy in myself to enter into an engagement, founded upon principles so opposite as interest and affection; that I was hurt at the idea of receiving a compensation, in money, for the proofs of friendship which I should give to the Duke of Northumberland; that my delicacy would be wounded, at seeing my sentiments and my cares valued at so much a year; that if the Duke had, in the least, excited my gratitude, he would have perceived that was the strongest tie

by which he could attach me to him; but that I well saw it was impossible to raise in him that idea, and I could not resolve to accept his proposal.

I was not at all surprised that a man who enjoyed £50,000 a year should sacrifice the hundredth part of it to have a friend always with him; but I could not take upon me to sell my feelings, and to set a price upon my attentions and my friendship. It seemed to me, that, if I acquiesced in this engagement, it was possible that the Duke might have looked upon all the marks of zeal and affection which I should shew him, as the fruits of his money; and nothing more was necessary to cool my zeal, and to chill the most lively ardour I might have felt in proving my attachment. Besides, I no longer possessed that pliancy of mind, necessary to make my manner of life subservient to his; and I had latterly been so much

accustomed to live according to my own taste, that I should have found myself very little disposed to follow that of another. I at last refused the offer of the Duke of Northumberland, advantageous as it was to my fortune; I formed a firm resolution to seek for happiness only in myself, and I am now always congratulating myself for having followed that determination.

CHAPTER XII.

Countess of Albany.—Count Alfieri.—Mr. Gehegan.

The Duke de Grimaldi was, at that time, Ambassador from Spain at the Court of Rome: his fortune had been most remarkable. He was the youngest of a noble family of Genoa, and was destined for the church; when he found means to be appointed minister of his republic at the Court of Madrid. He pleased the King of Spain, who thought he saw talents in him, which, however, he did not possess; but he knew how to assume the appearance of them, and seemed to be the only man capable of prosecuting successfully a negociation which was then going on with Holland! The Court of Spain asked him of the republic of Genoa, and he was sent

minister of Spain to the Hague; and from thence he went ambassador to Paris; signed on the part of Spain, the treaty of peace of Versailles in 1763; and it was on that occasion that he was made Duke and Grandee of Spain.* Some time after, the Duke de Grimaldi was appointed minister and Secretary of State for foreign affairs; but having been afterwards disgraced, he was sent ambassador to Rome by the King of Spain; such was the mildness of his disposition; and indeed he had shewn the same clemency towards the Count d'Aranda and the Marquis de Squillaci,

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* The Court of Madrid had so little confidence in the capacity of the Duke de Grimaldi, that they gave full powers to the Duke de Choiseul, without the knowledge of the Spanish ambassador, who was himself ignorant that it was the Duke de Choiseul who decided upon the interests of Spain.

in appointing them ambassadors at Paris and Vienna, after having removed them from the office of Secretary of State. But, although he was decorated with the title, he did not possess the confidence of the Spanish ministry; and the Chevalier Azara, with the name of agent of the court, was, in fact, the person who transacted all the business, while the ambassador had the reputation. The Duke de Grimaldi, forgetting that, though a Genoese, he was honoured with the embassy of Spain, was the first to think it strange that I should have exercised the functions of minister of England, as I had been born in France; and having taken it fully into his head that he was a good Spaniard, would have thought himself betraying his adopted country by being polite to the English: he therefore never invited them to his table, and scarcely spoke to them when he met them at

his assemblies, which were the most brilliant in Rome.

One day, when I was at one of these assemblies, I saw there the Countess of Albany, (whom I had long been very desirous of knowing), daughter of Prince de Stolberg; she was, for some years, canoness of Mons: I had seen her, for the first time, at Brussels, in 1771. The Courts of France and Spain, desiring to see the family of Stuart kept up, cast their eyes upon that young lady who was then nineteen years old, to give her to the son of the Chevalier de Saint George, so celebrated by his pretensions to the throne of Great-Britain, and by his unfortunate expeditions. The marriage was performed; but it did not fulfil the views of the two courts, as the Pretender had no children. At the death of his father, who lived at Rome, where he had always been treated as a King, the Pope

refused to acknowledge him, which induced him to retire with his lady to Florence, where he took the title of Count of Albany, and was content to live in the greatest privacy.

The Courts of France and Spain had agreed to give the Count of Albany a pension on account of his marriage; but the Court of France wishing to retain half of the pension enjoyed by his father, he refused to receive any thing, and indemnified himself by his acrimony, upon all oocasions, against France and the French. I have too great a respect for the is fortunes and high birth of this prince to paint his private life, which was so unworthy of the great part he had acted in the world. Whether it was that his misfortunes had soured his temper, or that the inactivity in which he was obliged to live had broken his spirit, it is but too true, that these two melancholy

circumstances, added to an extreme disproportion of age, and to all the disgusts which arise from it, had made him a husband, whom it was difficult for a young and amiable wife to tolerate.

The Countess of Albany was, by her figure, her manners, her mind, her character, and her situation, woman who was most generally interesting. She was of a middling stature, but very well made, and extremely fair: she had uncommonly fine eyes, teeth perfectly beautiful, a noble and gentle air, an unaffected, elegant, and modest deportment; her mind, which was cultivated by the reading of the best authors, had acquired a just discernment and a great facility of judgment in works of taste.

The Count Alfieri, a Piedmontese by birth, a man of genius, a great poet, and of an agreeable figure, had seen

the Countess of Albany, and was deeply sensible of her merit. Endowed with extraordinary talents, of a liberal mind, and of a lofty and independent character, he had never been able to accommodate himself to the uniform and narrow style which he was obliged to adopt at the Court of Turin. He renounced living there altogether; and in order the more easily to obtain permission, he relinquished his Piedmont estates to his relations, reserving to himself about thirteen hundred pounds a year, which he could command wherever he went. Being of a serious disposition, which disgusted him with the tumult of the world, he had given himself entirely up to the society of the Countess of Albany, who led a retired life, and was greatly constrained by the caprices of her husband. The Count Alfieri knew how to please the Prince, and, for several years, had di-

vided his time between study and the company of the Countess, whose misfortunes he softened by his friendship and by the charms of his society. Driven to extremities by many revolting scenes, the Countess of Albany resolved to free herself from the tyranny of her husband. The plan was concerted with the Count Alfieri, who was already versed in the art of forming plots by writing tragedies. Before it was put in execution, the consent of the Grand Duke was obtained: he was informed of the whole extent of the designs which they had in view: his permission was at that time only asked for her to enter a convent at Florence, and to remain there under the protection of his Royal Highness.

The difficulty was to devise measures to get her out of the Count of Albany's hands. He incessantly beat his wife, never suffered her to be away from him,

and when he was obliged to lose sight of her, he locked her up. In her walks to mass, whenever she wished to go, he was constantly with her. In this difficulty, recourse was had to a female friend of the Countess, who loved her and pitied her destiny; and to a friend of that lady, who lived with her. Both were frequently at the Count of Albany's house, frequently of the Countess's parties in her walks, and the only persons proper to second her project.

Madame Orlandini (that was the name of the lady) was born of Irish parents, of the family of the famous Duke of Ormond. Her father had been a General in the service of the House of Austria, and had married her to General Orlandini, a Florentine cavalier, whose widow she was. To an attracting figure, she joined an accomplished mind and a natural goodness of

heart, which were apparent in her countenance; with a desire to please which never failed of accomplishing its object. Mr. Gehegan, an Irish gentleman, was strongly attached to her. Having quitted the service of England, contrary to the wishes of his father, he had come to Florence burthened with the weight of paternal displeasure, and consequently not overburthened with money. This circumstance renders young men timid in society, and Mr. Gehegan was a proof of it: but Madame Orlandini, who had for several years held M. de Brabantine, minister of France, in her chains, noticed Mr. Gehegan, and shewed him those obliging attentions which affect a feeling heart with the most lively gratitude, and make the greater impression, as they are the less expected. Mr. Gehegan, from that time, gave himself up wholly to the pleasure of paying court

to Madame Orlandini. He was young, extremely well made, had a fine face, and was full of vigour both of body and mind. He carried on his forehead the stamp of an honest and feeling heart; and he particularly shewed that gentleness of deportment, which is not incompatible with courage, and which has an irresistible effect upon the hearts of women. In fact, Madame Orlandini did not resist him; she sacrificed the minister of France to Mr. Gehegan, who attached himself so firmly to her, that their connection became the true model of fidelity. During several years they were never seen separated from each other; they lived under the same roof; they were secretly married; but motives of interest, on the part of Madame Orlandini, prevented them from acknowledging it. However, Mr. Gehegan made his peace with his father, who allowed him an annuity

sufficient for the moderate state in which he lived.

The day being fixed for the execution of the project, Madame Orlandini came to breakfast at the Count of Albany's house; and, after breakfast, she proposed to go to the convent of the Bianchatti, to see some works of the nuns, in which they were considered to excel. The Countess of Albany agreed to be of the party, if the Count had no objection: he consented, and they all set out together. They went to the convent, where they found, as if by chance, Mr. Gehegan. The Countess went in with Madame Orlandini, and going on before, they were soon at the top of the staircase, had the door quickly opened, and shut it again before the Count could get up. Mr. Gehegan, who had handed up the ladies, said, seeing him coming quite out of breath, "Count, these nuns are

" very unmannerly; they have shut the " door upon me, and will not let me in " with the ladies."—" Oh! I will soon " make them open it," replied the Count; and he knocked a long time, without receiving any answer. At last the Abbess came to the grate, to declare that his lady had chosen that house for her asylum, and that she remained there under the protection of the Grand Duchess. The Count of Albany, surprised and indignant, was obliged to withdraw, with rage in his heart, at having been tricked in such a manner; and reflecting afterwards that Mr. Gehegan might be an accomplice in the elopement of the Countess, he expressed his anger towards him upon several occasions, swearing that he would take terrible vengeance, and would have him caned as he deserved. Mr. Gehegan, to whom these speeches were reported, wrote him a letter, in which

he gave him to understand, that he was not a man to pass over such menaces unnoticed; and taking his letter himself to the Count's, he informed him, that he came to know whether it was true that he had allowed himself to make use of such language concerning him, and that he would wait below for his answer. The Count of Albany, struck with the courage of a man, who had come to brave his indignation even in his own house, did not think it advisable to drive him to extremities, and therefore replied, by one of his gentlemen, that the reports which had been made to him were fabricated, and that he had a very particular esteem for him.

In the mean time the Countess of Albany, who was by no means disposed to pass her life in a convent, wrote to her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, and gained him over so completely to her

interests, that his Eminence proposed to her that she should come to Rome, and live with him, and prevailed upon the Pope to grant her his protection. It was feared that the Count of Albany, if he were informed of this design, might carry off his wife on the way; and they provided against that circumstance, by having her escorted by some horsemen; and what was still better, the Count Alfieri and Mr. Gehegan, both disguised and well armed, took their place upon the coach-box, until they arrived at a certain distance from Florence; and disposed as they were, it would have been difficult to have rescued the Countess from them. She accordingly arrived safely at Rome, where she was received with all possible regard by the Cardinal, who granted her a pension, and gave her an establishment in his house suitable to her rank. She also wrote to the Queen of

France, to reclaim the pension offered to her husband upon the occasion of his marriage; and she obtained sixty thousand livres a year. The Pope also gave her twenty-five thousand, so that she enjoyed an income which was quite sufficient for her desires. To complete her happiness, the Count Alfieri came to settle at Rome; and having found the means of pleasing the Cardinal, as he had done his brother, he had his permission to visit the Countess as often as he chose, in spite of the representations of the Count of Albany, who frequently wrote to the Cardinal his brother, reproaching him with his unjust partiality to his wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

Duchillou returns to Florence; Design which he forms of settling there.—Portrait of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

I WAS so well pleased with the new mode of life which I had chosen, and I enjoyed such perfect liberty, that I was more and more confirmed in my resolution of renouncing all other advantages to preserve it. In order the better to secure my independence, I would not even form any establishment, for fear of being subjected to it. I always travelled in a good English post-chaise, in which I had a portable desk for my papers, and a number of favourite books in different languages; so that when I was obliged to stop, I found myself as well settled at an inn

as if I had been in my own closet. The authors which I preferred, as much from taste as from a wish not to forget the languages I had taken so much pains to learn, were, in Hebrew, the Bible; in Greek, Plutarch, Demosthenes, Diogenes, and some detached pieces of Plato and Xenophon; in Latin, the orations of Cicero against Cataline, Tacitus, Cesar, Horace, and Virgil; in French, Racine, Télémaque, D'Alembert's Preliminary Discourse to the Encyclopedia, Father André's Essay on the Beautiful, the works of the poet Rousseau and of Deshoulières, the conversation of Marshal d'Hocquincourt with Father Canage de Saint Evremont, and the travels of Bauchamont and La Chapelle; in English, some works of Pope, Addison, and Thomson; in German, Wieland's Agathon and Diogenes; in Spanish, Don Quixotte, and the Diana of Gil-

Polo; in Portuguese, Camoëns; in Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch. To these works of taste I added the Historical Dictionary in thirteen octavo volumes, the Historical and Chronological Tablets of Lenglet Dufresnoy, and some Dictionaries of Natural History and the more abstruse sciences. I could thus flatter myself with always having with me, not only an inexhaustible fund of amusing reading, but also every necessary help for clearing up immediately any doubts which might arise in my mind. I thought that I should please the reader by enumerating this little flying library; not that I have the presumption to believe that a better choice cannot be made, but because I have found that it has very generally pleased, and that several persons have desired to have a list of it.

In the meantime I was solicited by my friends, to return to them in Eng-

land; Madame de Boufflers, on the other hand, pressed me to come to Chanteloup. She was commissioned by the Duke and Duchess de Choiseul, and the Duchess de Grammont, to prevail upon me to come, and had engaged to be of the party. Nothing could have been more agreeable to my inclinations than to meet such good company; but the situation of my affairs prevented me. It was at the time that the American war had created a great sensation both in England and in France. I was afraid that the conversation would be full of national reflections, and not having entirely relinquished my diplomatic character, I thought I might give umbrage to government by my stay, and what was still more, suffer in the opinion of the English ministers; I judged it more prudent, therefore, to defer seeing my friends to another time; and having received a letter from Lord

Algernon Percy, who wrote to me that he was going to Italy, and invited me to join him, I met this nobleman at Florence, and passed some time with him there.

It is necessary to make some stay in that town, to be able to appretiate the genius and character of its inhabitants. I have never found any people who unite, like themselves, such abundance of talent and wit with such simplicity of manners and good-nature. I found those qualities there more than any where else, among the nobility whom I most frequented, although I visited also several citizens' houses, and observed the lower classes with attention. The Florentines have no national vanity, though many have it with much less pretensions to it. They do justice to strangers, and treat and welcome them with affability. The ladies are extremely amiable, they have that gentleness, that

goodness, and that engaging manner, which is so well suited to their sex. They have not the grace of French women, nor the noble deportment of the English, nor the studied air of the German or Dutch. They are satisfied with having a manner which is naturally their own; and I have seldom seen women less affected, and of whom one could more easily see the character, in the countenance and manner, than in those of Florence. This occasions them to appear as if they had not been cast in the same mould with the women of the nations I have just mentioned. In a word, I believe that if their education was as much taken care of as that of other women, they would not be inferior to them.

If I had not been as much upon my guard as I was, against *amour-propre*, I should have been inclined to have a high opinion of myself, after the very

flattering distinction with which I was received by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I was never in his presence without his taking me aside. One evening in particular, when there was a *fête* at Court, on account of the arrival of the Duchess of Parma, the Grand Duke did me the honour to converse with me during the whole time of the assembly, upon the most important points which could interest a Prince—the art of governing, and of conciliating the affection of his people. There is not any Sovereign who could discourse better upon a subject which was the continual object of his study. He also appeared to me to have, as far as I could judge, just ideas and views. The happy consequences of his labours, in the government of his dominions, is an indisputable proof of what I have said. Since his accession to the throne, he has made very excellent roads

through all parts of Tuscany, cultivated the barren lands, drained immense marshes, and above all the *Val di Chiana*, which is at this time the best cultivated land in Europe. He has abolished the Inquisition, reduced the number of convents, and put an end to the abuse of sending money to Rome to purchase dispensations, which the Bishops ought to give gratis. He has simplified the government, retrenched the number of places, and established several very fine institutions. Among other things, he has considerably enlarged the gallery, and has established a college of physic, of natural history, of botany, of anatomy, and of astronomy, which last is the grandest plan of the kind I have ever known. We are astonished how a Prince, with so limited a revenue, and having a numerous family, could have executed such great designs. It is true that he sacrifices no-

thing to pomp; that the domestic arrangements of his family are as well regulated as those of a private individual, and that in the public administration he is his own prime-minister. By means of this wise conduct, he is able to give to the general good of his subjects, that which he refuses to luxury, to pleasure, and to dissipation. One of the great objects of expence to the Grand Duke, is the education of his children: the best managed of any course I have ever seen among Princes. I have had the opportunity to judge for myself, having had the honour to be often near the Archdukes, and being intimately acquainted with their governors. At fourteen years of age the Archduke Francis * had the understanding and mind of a man; and

* At present the Emperor Francis the IId.

what is very rare in the instruction of Princes, they inculcated a mistrust of themselves, with an affable deportment; while they paid great attention to make them understand, that they have, even by their existence, a bond of union with every man, and that the great degree of power they have received from Heaven, imposes upon them the great task of making their subjects happy.

The police established in the dominions of the Grand Duke is so sure, that I do not know any country, not even excepting France, where there is less disorder. Any one may travel through the whole of Tuscany with his purse in his hand. During the long stay that I made at Florence, I did not hear of any capital crime having been committed there, nor of one public execution. The press, that just thermometer of the liberty of a people, is

neither too much constrained by superstition or despotism, nor too much given to licentiousness; but is very properly kept within the limits agreeable to decency, to the morals, and to the progress of the human understanding.*

In short, I found so many advantages united together in Florence, by the mildness of the climate, of the government, and of the disposition of the inhabitants, that in spite of my predilection for Paris, for London, and other cities of great resort, I should have remained there to this hour, if indispensable obligations had not compelled me to quit it.

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* This was written in 1783.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Paris. — Auteuil. — The Countess de Boufflers.—Lady * * *.*

Every thing required my presence in London. The desire of seeing again Mr. Mackenzie and his lady, whose esteem and affection I could flatter myself I possessed, the want of money, the necessity of repose, and that gratitude which would no longer permit me to absent myself from the country which had adopted me, altogether determined me to return. Nevertheless I could not resist the desire that I had to visit my brilliant acquaintances at Paris; and I arrived at that capital at the end of June, 1783.

I had nothing more at heart than to pay a visit to Madame de Boufflers. She was at her country house at Auteuil,

five miles from Paris. I had an intention of passing some days there. It was a fine summer's evening: she had company to supper, and while the repast was preparing, she was taking the air, with some of the ladies who had come to sup with her. There were, among others, the Duchess of Biron, the Princess d'Henin, Madame de Damas, and several other ladies and gentlemen.

As soon as Madame de Boufflers saw me at a distance, she came alone to meet me, and said to me, after the first compliments; "Do you know that I "feel myself very much perplexed. "Lady * * * is at Paris, and she is "just now come to sup with me."— "Well, madam, and what, pray, is "there very extraordinary in that?"— "How!" replied she; "you do not "then know her story. She was de- "tected by her husband, who has

" spread the scandalous report. She " has retired to France, has taken a " house in this neighbourhood, and she " has the assurance to come to sup " with me. I do not know what to do, " for none of my friends will speak to " her."—" I can scarcely think," said I, " that what you have been told is " true. The best thing that you can " do, in my opinion, is to declare to " your friends that you believe nothing " of what is reported of her, and to " act accordingly. Besides," said I, " are you not, as well as those ladies, " intimately acquainted with Madame " de T * * *, who is exactly in the " same predicament, even supposing " the story to be true." I made allusion to the adventure mentioned in the second chapter of the fourth part of these memoirs. She was surprised to find me so well informed, forgetting that she herself had told me the anecdote in

question ten years before. She followed my advice; and as I knew Lady * * *, I seated myself near her, and helped to keep her in countenance during supper.

The next day the very Madame de T * * *, of whom I have just spoken, came to dine with Madame de Boufflers, and after dinner began the conversation: "Would you believe it," said she, "Lady * * * has had the "impudence to come to see me. I "have not received her, and I am de-"termined not to return her visit." Madame de Boufflers admitted that she was right. "Come, ladies," said I, "a little indulgence for others. Who "knows if this poor Lady * * * may "not be a victim to calumny, merely "because she is young and handsome. "I have made it an established rule "not to believe these kind of crimina-"tions, unless proved by the decision

" of a court of law. Follow my ad-
" vice; order your coach, and let us
" go and drink tea with Lady * * *."
I succeeded in persuading them. We went there, and passed a very pleasant evening.

Some days afterwards, on my return to Paris, I found that all the English agreed that the unhappy story of Lady * * * was as well authenticated as it could have been by the decision of a competent tribunal; and I had myself letters from London, which would no longer allow me to entertain a doubt of the fact. I received, some days afterwards, an invitation from Lady * * *, to dine with her: but thinking that I had done enough for her in charity, I excused myself in the best manner possible, and have never seen her since.

I knew this lady in her youth. To high birth, and a very pleasing

figure, she joined talents and wit, which unhappily for her were not governed by reflection, to which her misfortune must be attributed: she had a share of vanity, which marred all her good qualities. She fancied herself formed for great adventures, and that she should act an extraordinary part in the world. She became sentimental and romantic. I perceived a change in her: I gave her a hint of it; and reminded her that she run a risk of becoming the heroine of a romance. Six weeks afterwards she had an intrigue, which made her shunned by the women of her rank. She then lost all delicacy, and her old friends forsook her. She thought to console herself for their loss, by giving brilliant *fêtes*, and invitations to dinners and suppers. This indeed procured her the company of some ladies, who were not very scrupulous. She had strangers, flatterers, and

parasites; but she did not feel recompensed by their intimacy, for the loss of that consideration, which good conduct gives to women of her rank and birth.

CHAPTER XV.

Chanteloup.—The Duke de Choiseul.—Madame du Barry.

I PASS over the little time that I spent in Paris, that I may mention Chanteloup, where the Duke and Duchess de Choiseul, and my friend the Abbé Barthelemy, pressed me to visit them.

I was received with the most flattering testimonies of friendship. M. de Choiseul was no longer in disgrace, and Chanteloup was more frequented than ever. What contributed greatly to the charms of this society, was a part of the character of the Duke de Choiseul, of whch I have not made mention in the fourth part of these memoirs. I will now speak of it.

One day, as I was in the carriage with the Duchess de Choiseul and the Abbé

Barthelemy, her Grace said to me; " Mr. D * * *, I have a favour to ask " of you, which you must grant me." " With a great deal of pleasure," said I, " madam, if the thing is in my power." —" So much in your power," replied she, " that I do not hesitate to require " your word of honour, that you will " do what I wish."—" My confidence " in you, madam," answered I, " does " not permit me to refuse it you."— " It is this," said she: " you have tra- " velled a great deal; you have seen a " great deal; and I believe that I shall " not be wrong, if I say that you un- " derstand mankind well. I am curi- " ous to know what you think of M. " de Choiseul, of his particular cha- " racter. I know that you are sincere; " and to put your delicacy at ease, I " promise you, if you desire it, that it " shall be a secret between us." I would have excused myself, by saying

that it did not become me to judge of the Duke de Choiseul; but the Duchess insisted. She had obtained my word, and required me to keep it. "Well, "madam," said I, "since you will be "obeyed, I will endeavour to comply. "You do not expect from me that I "should describe the political charac- "ter of the Duke de Choiseul: it is "for Europe to decide on that. I "shall only speak of what strikes me "most particular about him in society. "Now although he has a great deal of "sense and wit, it is not on those ac- "counts that he appears amiable: it is "rather for a quality which we rarely "see united with wit. In short, in one "word, I like M. de Choiseul because "he is a good sort of man: *un bon* "*homme*."—"What, truly, now," said she with vivacity; "do you think him "*un bon homme?*"—"Yes," replied I; "he has sense and wit enough to bear

" the epithet, without running any risk
" of the interpretation which is com-
" monly given to it."—" *Mon Dieu !*"
cried she, clapping her hands toge-
ther; " what pleasure you give me by
" saying so." We had scarcely re-
turned, before she run to the apartment
of her husband to tell him our conver-
sation: and when before dinner I ap-
peared in the drawing-room, he came
up to me, and shaking me by the hand,
said softly, " I am delighted that you
" think me a good sort of man; and
" I beg you to believe that I am truly
" sensible of the compliment."

In truth, the Duke de Choiseul had
that goodness of heart, that simplicity,
which shews itself in the most indiffe-
rent actions. He had not the smallest
degree of rancour; and he gave a to-
lerably strong proof of it with respect to
Madame du Barry, who had been the
cause of his disgrace.

While I was at Chanteloup, the Duke de Choiseul was absent from us for eight or ten days, engaged in raising money at Paris. M. de Calonne, then controler-general, served him in that affair, and persuaded the King to lend him four millions of livres. The difficulty was to find a security; but Madame de Choiseul overcame that, by offering her estate of Chanteloup on mortgage. While this business was arranging, M. de Choiseul dined one day with the Prince de Beauveau, at a country-house in the environs of Paris, near Luciennes, the then residence of Madame du Barry. After dinner the Prince said to the Duke, "Do you "know that Madame du Barry often "talks with me about you. She has "always regretted your loss, and has "often assured me, that it was only by "force of importunities, on the part "of the Chancellor Maupeou and the

" Duke d'Aiguillon, that she had teized
" the King until he thought proper to
" dismiss you." The Duke replied,
" that it was what he very well knew;"
adding, " that he never entertained any
" resentment against her." The Prince
proposed to the Duke to make her a
visit in their walk. " With all my
" heart," replied he ; " particularly as
" I shall not be sorry to see Luciennes,
" which I have heard so much praised,
" as an elegant and beautiful place.
" But let us manage it in this way: it
" is said that Madame du Barry always
" expressed a strong desire to know
" Lord North; and as I am very like
" him in the face, send her word that
" you have had Lord North to dinner,
" and that you beg her permission to
" introduce him to her. It is thirteen
" years ago since she saw me ; and if
" she recollects me, it will be at least a

"little amusement, that will make us "laugh."

The visit was settled for the next day. They sent word to Madame du Barry, who received them with great politeness, without appearing to recollect M. de Choiseul, calling him always my Lord, while she shewed him every thing that was beautiful and curious at Luciennes. When they came to the *boudoir*, which was at the farther end of the range of apartments, she said to them, smiling, "Now let us be seri-"ous, Your Grace. I am very much "flattered, I assure you, with the ho-"nour of this visit. Let us sit down if "you please, and talk of past times. "You are very good not to entertain "any rancour against me."—"I have "never had any," replied the Duke; "and you may recollect, that the morn-"ing I left Versailles, seeing you at

"the window, I kissed my hand to
"you as I passed."—"I know you
"thought so," replied she; "but it
"was not me. I was then in bed;
"but my sister-in-law, who was at the
"window, called to me, 'There is
"'the Duke de Choiseul setting off;
"'and by his kissing his hand, he
"'takes me for you.' Upon which I
"said: 'Ah! if he would only come
"'up stairs, he should not go.'"—
"Be it as it might," replied the Duke,
"you see that I have kept my word;
"for you will not have forgot, that
"some days before my dismissal, when
"I met you in the gallery, I took an
"opportunity to say to you: 'I know
"'that you are intriguing against me;
"'you have bad advisers: you are
"'surrounded by people, who only
"'think of their own interests, and
"'not of your's: they will make you
"'the instrument of their designs;

" ' but a day will arrive when having
" ' no further occasion for you, they
" ' will abandon you, and then you
" ' shall see me again.' "—" It is but
" too true," said she. Upon which she related all the ingratitude which she had experienced, on the part of those whom she had most served. This conversation lasted three hours, and M. de Choiseul told us the greater part of it; but I omit it, not thinking it of sufficient interest to be inserted here.

Such was M. de Choiseul in private life, and with all those who had not formed ill-grounded pretensions. The Prince de Conti told me once, that during the time that he was minister of war, his son, the Count de la Marche, having asked the order of St. Louis for an officer, M. de Choiseul refused it him, saying, that he had not as yet merited it by his services. The Count de la Marche persisted: M. de Choiseul

remained firm, and would not comply, although it was unusual to refuse such a thing to a Prince of the blood. The Count de la Marche applied to his father, to know what he should do in the case. "Sir," replied the Prince de Conti, "you must first know if the "Duke's refusal is regular. If it is, "you have nothing to say: if it is not, "he is a gentleman, and you may do "him the honour to call him out."

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter of Voltaire.—Death of Father du Cerceau.—The Abbé Prévôt.—Bon Mot *of the Duke de Nivernois.*

It often happened at Chanteloup, that the conversation became interesting and full of anecdotes, to which every one more or less contributed. One day I asked Madame de Choiseul if it was true, that Voltaire had written to the Duke de Choiseul a pleasant letter on the subject of M. le Franc de Pompignan. "Yes," replied she, "you shall see it."

It should be first known, that M. le Franc de Pompignan, having been chosen member of the French Academy, on the day of his election made a discourse which had displeased the pretended philosophers of his time. They sounded the *Tocsin* upon him; and Voltaire

was excited by them to attack him. M. de Pompignan had a brother,) the Bishop of Puy en Velay, and afterwards Archbishop of Vienne) who having anathematized false philosophy had incurred the indignation of the party. Voltaire never spared the two brothers, and for several years scarcely published any thing, wherein he did not take an opportunity to throw out sarcasms against them. A third brother, an officer in the army, being at Geneva, in the neighbourhood of Voltaire, said openly in every place, that if he continued to ridicule his brothers in the way he had done, he would cut off his ears. Voltaire being made acquainted with this menace wrote the following letter to the Duke de Choiseul, then prime minister.

"My Lord: — I do not know what "I have done to the brothers of Pom-

" pignan : one offends my ears with
" his writings, and the other would
" cut them off. Protect me, my Lord,
" against the assassin, (I will take care
" of the offender), for I have occasion
" for my ears to hear the fame of your
" renown."

Voltaire, speaking of the vanity of M. de Pompignan, said, in some of his poems:

" César n'a point de tombe où sa cendre repose,
" Et l'ami Pompignan croit être quelque chose."

" Since we are on the subject of men
" of letters," said the Abbé Barthelemy, " I recollect an anecdote of the
" celebrated Abbé Prévôt, which is
" but little known, and deserves being
" more so. Supping, one evening,
" with some friends, he introduced a
" paradox which was taken up with
" marks of indignation. He support-

" ed his thesis, and his friends combated
" it. He maintained that, if strict
" justice was done to every one, there
" would be but very few men who
" would not deserve to be hanged.
" 'But,' said a friend, 'to begin now
" 'with yourself, what have you done
" 'that could merit so severe a punish-
" 'ment? We have known one ano-
" 'ther from infancy, and though it is
" 'true that you have always been a
" 'wild fellow, and even something of
" 'a libertine, there is not, I believe,
" 'one among us who can recollect a
" 'single act of your's that merited
" 'death.'—'It is because you do not
" 'know all:' said he; 'I have con-
" 'fidence in you, and the confession
" 'that I am going to make can there-
" 'fore be attended with no ill conse-
" 'quence. What will you say, if I
" 'own to you that I killed my father?'
"—'Good God!' exclaimed one of the

" company, ' every one knows that
" ' your father died of a fall which he
" ' had from a staircase.'—' It is true ;'
" continued he , ' but it was I who
" ' pushed him down. It was thus :
" ' I was in love with a young girl,
" ' daughter of a neighbour, whose
" ' house joined our's, and I wished to
" ' marry her. My father not only re-
" ' fused his consent, but absolutely
" ' forbad my seeing her. I did not
" ' pay any respect to this injunction ;
" ' and as the father of the young lady
" ' would not permit me to enter his
" ' house, we had found the means of
" ' seeing each other, and conversing
" ' together on the leads, and I admitted
" ' her once into our garret: my father
" ' surprised us together. Though a very
" ' good man, he was extremely violent
" ' when angry. He reproached me
" ' severely, as he did also the poor girl.
" ' He was even going to strike her,

" ' when I put myself before him, and
" ' in my endeavours to stop him I
" ' pushed him towards the staircase.
" ' Being close to the edge of it he
" ' lost his footing, and falling back-
" ' wards, was dangerously wound-
" ' ed in the head and became insensi-
" ' ble. I raised him up; I called for
" ' help: we put him to bed, and
" ' brought him to himself. He wit-
" ' nessed my grief and the care that
" ' I took of him. I never ceased
" ' watching at the side of his bed
" ' during the time that he survived the
" ' accident. His great goodness to-
" ' wards me caused him to hide from
" ' his friends the true cause of his
" ' death, by which he only augment-
" ' ed my chagrin and remorse.'

" This man, who accused himself
" of having deserved hanging, termi-
" nated his existence by a more dread-
" ful death. Walking in the Bois de

" Boulogne, he was attacked with a
" fit of apoplexy which laid him for
" dead at the foot of a tree.

" Some peasants, who found him in
" that state, conveyed him to a sur-
" geon, who called in the aid of jus-
" tice. He was considered as dead,
" and the surgeon had orders to proceed
" to open the body. At the first cut
" of the knife, the unhappy creature,
" who was not dead, gave a frightful
" scream, but the mortal wound was
" given. He lived only a sufficient
" time to learn the horrible manner in
" which his life had been taken from
" him."

" I knew a man of letters," said one of the company, " who experienced
" as dreadful a death, though less cruel.
" It was the celebrated Jesuit, Father
" du Cerceau. He was preceptor to
" the Prince de Conti, (who died in
" 1776,) and accompanied him to Ve-

" ret, the castle of the Duke d'Aiguil-
" lon, near Tours, whither the Princess
" his mother often went to pass part
" of the summer. The young Prince
" was between thirteen and fourteen
" years of age, and having a great in-
" clination for hunting, he at length
" obtained permission to have a gun,
" with which he prepared himself for
" a trial the next day. The gun was
" loaded with ball, and unluckily, in
" handling it, it went off, and killed
" Father du Cerceau who was opposite
" to him. The young Prince was so
" much frightened at the accident, that
" he ran all over the castle, crying out
" as loud as he could, ' I have killed
" ' Father du Cerceau! I have killed
" ' Father du Cerceau!' and went in-
" to the drawing-room among the
" company, repeating, without inter-
" mission, in the most dreadful tone,
" the same words: nor was it until af-

"ter a considerable time that they "could get any thing else from him."

The custom at Chanteloup, after conversation or the promenade, was to retire, for a few hours, each to his own apartment. This was what they called *l'avan-tsoir*. One either passed it alone, or in making visits in the castle, when the company was numerous. The Duke de Choiseul used to go to his sister, the Duchess of Grammont, with some of their most intimate friends; the Abbé Barthelemy to the Duchess de Choiseul, and the others where they pleased. We followed, in that respect, the custom at Paris, which was to pass the evenings with some friend until supper-time. I have known men who had made it so much a habit, that they have been wretched if they had not a house where they could regularly chat every evening. A story is told of the Duke de Nivernois, à-propos to this

subject. That nobleman was intimately acquainted with the Countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow, and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, that it would be more convenient for him to marry the lady. "I have often thought so," said he, "but one thing prevents me: "in that case where could I pass my "evenings?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Illness of Madame de Choiseul and the extraordinary Consequences which followed.

NOTHING appeared wanting at Chanteloup to render it a most agreable retreat. The company was select and numerous. There were the Duchess de Grammont, the Marshal de Stainville, and the Countess de Choiseul, his daughter; the Princess Joseph de Minaco, his other daughter, and their husbands; Madame d'Usson, Madame de Chauvelin, Madame de Simiane, the Duke de Guines, the Duke de Chatelet, the Duke de Liancourt, &c. &c. That polished ease and freedom derived from good humour and contentment among the well educated, were here to be seen in perfection; so

much so, that a gentleman in the neighbourhood (M. du Buc), who was very much liked by M. and Madame Choiseul, having been taken ill, gave an answer to his domestic which delighted them. This servant, very much attached to his master, was alarmed at the symptoms of his disorder, and fearing the probable length and consequences of it, pressed him to go to his own house, while he was able to remove. "No!" replied the sick man, "so "far from thinking of moving from "hence, I should wish to be brought "here, if I was to be taken ill at "home!" This was told to Madame de Choiseul, and the reader may judge whether the patient was well attended.

But an unexpected event disturbed our happiness. The Duchess de Choiseul herself became seriously ill. It was then that I had an opportunity of seeing the attention paid to sick friends in

France. When the Duchess was first taken ill, all the company remained at the castle, although all were not admitted to see her; when she began to get better every one returned to Paris, whither the Duchess was to follow them in eight days after. There were left behind only the Duke de Choiseul, the Marshal de Stainville, his daughters and relatives, the Abbé Barthélemy, and myself. The Duchess had a relapse. The Duke sent a courier to Paris, with a letter for the Duchess de Grammont, his sister, requesting that she would send Doctor Barthey to her.

This letter found the Duchess de Grammont in town, at supper with the friends of the Duke de Choiseul. She communicated the contents to the company: immediately one and all, without going home, ordered their servants to follow them, and going post from the house where they supped, arrived pre-

sently at Chanteloup, where the castle was in four-and-twenty hours full from the top to the bottom. Many of them were fifteen days without seeing the Duchess; but they considered it their duty to be on the spot, to inquire of her health from day to day.

It was then that I had occasion to know how much M. de Choiseul was attached to his wife. He never quitted her chamber but for a moment, to make his appearance in the drawing-room to inform his friends how she did; and although she was surrounded by women, she had not a better nurse than himself.

At length Madame de Choiseul was in a condition to be removed to Paris, whither she was accompanied by her husband, her sister, and her physician; but, a little time after her arrival, she was taken ill again, and was in a situation the most surprising and criti-

cal. She relapsed, to such a degree, that her physicians, after a careful attention to the symptoms, finding neither pulse nor breath, gave her over for dead. On the point of being buried alive, she heard every word that was said by those about her, without being able to show the smallest sign of life. In the mean while they had forced M. de Choiseul from the room, and the physicians went to him, some time afterwards, to say that she was no more. They prepared to have the last duties performed. It is not possible to conceive the affliction of her husband. He had never before experienced the fear of losing her, and those who never quitted him during the whole time, have assured me that they never saw more afflicting grief. At the moment when his friends surrounded him and endeavoured to calm his agony, he ran precipitately from his apartment, cry-

ing out that he would see his wife for the last time: and rushing into her chamber he threw himself upon her, redoubling his cries, "my dear wife! "my dear wife!" Madame de Choiseul has told me herself, that these piercing cries recalled her to life. She was in a profound lethargy, or rather catalepsy. She was perfectly insensible. His voice was more efficacious than all the means which had been employed for some hours before to try if any signs of life remained; and the better to express her feelings on the occasion, I shall give them in her own terms. "The "voice of that man, whom you know "I adore, was alone able to bring me "to life." She presently came to herself, and found she had strength enough to throw her arms round his neck, crying out, "ah! my dear husband!" Her friends ran to her bed-side; the physicians were recalled; she grew better

from day to day, and in a little time her health was re-established. To judge well of the affecting part of this story, it would have been necessary to hear it related by herself, animated as she always was with her love for the Duke de Choiseul.

I remember a young lady in England, who was once in the same situation: Lady B., sister of the Duchess of D., about the year 1790. She was taken ill, and fell into a paroxysm like that I have just described. Her physicians, Sir Lucas Pepys and Dr. Warren, believed her to be dead. They made the usual experiments in such cases; but seeing that they were ineffectual, they decided that she was no more. Upon which Sir Lucas Pepys, who was a very moral man, could not resist observing to himself, " Behold the va-" nity of worldly greatness. That " young person, in the flower of

" her age, of an elevated rank, hand-
" some, beloved by every body, is—"
here he was rudely interrupted by his
colleague, who said to him, " Truly, it
" is a fine time to preach now! Why,
" she is dead! Let us go and visit the
" living." Lady B. was precisely
in the state in which I have de-
scribed Madame de Choiseul. She
heard every thing that was said by those
about her; and the contrasted language
of the two physicians struck her as so
ludicrous, that, in spite of the danger
she was in, she felt an impulse to
burst out into a laugh, though she was
not able. Some hours afterwards, a
change came on, which saved her, and
she is yet alive. I have this story
from one of her own friends, to whom
she herself related it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Visit to Tours and Paris.

When the Duke and Duchess de Choiseul set out from Paris, I went to Tours to pass the winter. This town is fifteen miles from Chanteloup, in a delightful situation; I found there very pleasant society, a natural ease, a gaiety of manners, simple yet interesting, and a great deal of wit. These qualities enter into the character of the inhabitants of Tours, who probably possess these advantages from the mildness of the climate and from the fertility of the province, justly called the garden of France. Tasso has very well described Touraine and its inhabitants in the two following beautiful lines:

" La terra molle, lieta, e dilettosa,
" Simili a sè gli abitator produce."

Indeed, the abundance of all the productions of the earth, the excellence of its fruits, its richness in corn, wines, cattle of every kind, game, and poultry, present a view of prosperity, which inspires, without doubt, the inhabitants with that natural cheerfulness which is displayed in every countenance. The better to support this opinion, I shall only say, that being desirous to know with precision the expense of living at Tours, I gave a dinner to two friends, and I calculated, within a few pence, the expense. We had soup and *bouilli*, a course consisting of *perdris aux choux**, a hare, and a roasted fowl, with ve-

* Partridges drest in a peculiar way with greens.

getables, a plentiful desert of the best fruits in Europe, and two bottles of very good Touraine wine. The whole cost me six livres of French money, amounting to five shillings English. Twenty years have elapsed since, and, in spite of all the miseries of the Revolution, every thing has remained there in exactly the same state, which is owing to that province being in the centre of France, and not subject to the changes and calamities which have desolated the frontiers. I should add, that I had an apartment of seven rooms on a floor, properly furnished, two rooms for servants, and a kitchen, at twenty-five louis for six months; and though the weather was very cold that winter, it only cost me six louis for fuel.

On my way to England, I stopped six weeks at Paris, where I passed my time in the society of M. and Madame de

Choiseul, of Mesdames de Boufflers, and in the houses of La Reynière and De la Borde. The Duke de Choiseul lived at Paris in the same style of magnificence as at Chanteloup. He dined at home every day with a small number of persons, who had a general invitation; and I had the advantage of being comprised in the number. There was constantly a table served with twelve covers, where it often happened that we sat down five or six together, and that when dinner was over there were twelve or fifteen visitors, without deranging in the least the master or the mistress of the house. Those who came too late, took their places without any ceremony until the desert came. They never served up any thing again, as it was concluded that those who came then would not dine, and meant to reserve their appetites for supper.

In the evening it was different: all their esteemed friends were invited. The supper hour was at ten o'clock; but they came sooner, and every one made his party at cards, trictrac, or billiards, as they pleased. A quarter before ten o'clock, the *maître d'hôtel*, M. de Sueur, went through the apartments; he judged at one view, how many would remain, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards, he served up fifty, sixty, or eighty covers. The largest table held forty; and if he did not always guess right, a small table was set out in a few minutes. These suppers were not, however, every evening, as Fridays and Sundays were excepted. The Duke and the Duchess supped on Fridays with the Marchioness du Deffans, and on Sundays, with some one or other of their friends.

Since the death of the Prince de Con-

ti, Madame de Boufflers seldom dined out. I saw her often, but chiefly at Auteuil, where she had a very charming seat, and where she was very glad to see company. The houses of La Reynière and La Borde were open to every body who had been presented. M. de la Reynière had furnished his with a richness and taste unequalled at Paris. His wife, born of a noble family, was infatuated with nobility; and as the wife of a *financier* could not be admitted at court, she endeavoured to remedy that evil by drawing to her house both men and women of the highest rank, in which she succeeded by means of the most expensive *fêtes*, and splendid suppers. M. de la Borde did not shew less hospitality; his house was well kept, and his table, perhaps, more sumptuous than any other: but it did not appear to occupy much of his

attention. He invited you without ceremony, received you affectionately, and made you the friend and master of his house. He was open, free, generous, kind, and obliging. His wife, Madame de la Borde, was an excellent woman, both sensible and virtuous. Ladies of the first quality came to dine with her, and made a thousand professions, of which however she was not the dupe, but which she received with respect and discretion. She saw very plainly, that all these advances were occasioned by their desire of borrowing money from her husband, who accommodated them willingly, until he found it necessary to lend no more. Madame de la Borde knew so well the motives which actuated these ladies, that a refusal to supply their wants, was always followed by a discontinuance of their visits.

I passed the little time that I re-

mained at Paris in these houses, and in the society of men of letters; and in the beginning of May I set out for London.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival in England.—The Duke of Northumberland.—Lord Bute.

I FOUND Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty Mackenzie the same persons I had ever known them, and I devoted myself entirely to them. I saw also the Duke of Northumberland, who pressed me afresh to accept the offer he had so often made me, of taking an apartment in his house: but I was determined to reject his proposal. I answered him in a polite, but evasive manner, without accepting his offer. I continued, however, to cultivate his acquaintance, which I did from inclination. On this subject I shall say, in a few words, that, during the two years which the Duke lived after my return, he saw nobody oftener, or with more

satisfaction, than myself. I even passed a whole summer with him at his castle at Alnwick; and, in the illness of which he died, I was the only one who visited him constantly. A few days before he died, he said to his son: "My son, I think we ought to do "something for M. D * * *." His son assented, and no more was said on the subject.

One of the first visits I paid after my arrival, was at Lord Bute's. He had built, during my absence, a handsome house, near the sea, in Hampshire. He invited me to pass a summer there, informing me, at the same time, that we should be alone. I accepted this invitation the more readily, as his brother, Mr. Mackenzie, was going for some time to his estates in Scotland with his wife, and had therefore no need of me.

I never knew a man with whom

one could be so long *tête-à-tête*, without being tired, as with Lord Bute. His knowledge was so extensive, and consequently, his conversation so varied, that one thought one's self in the company of several persons, with the advantage of being sure of an even temper, in a man whose goodness, politeness, and attention, were never wanting towards those who lived with him. We met at breakfast: we parted for half an hour: we took, for the purpose of chatting, long walks, or rides in the coach: we dined early; and the rest of our time was passed in the library, in conversation, reading, or writing. If he was tired of talking, he took a book without ceremony. I did the same. We perfectly understood each other, and his great care was to remove the constraint to which his age and rank might have entitled him.

The favourite study of Lord Bute was Botany. He excelled so much in this science, that the greatest masters in Europe consulted him, and sought his correspondence. He had written upon that subject, a work in nine volumes in quarto, which he printed at a great expence. He had undertaken this grand work for the Queen of Great Britain, and would never publish it, so far was he from coveting applause for his talents and labour. He had only sixteen copies taken off, of which number he gave me one.

It was at this retreat in Hampshire that Lord Bute opened his mind to me, more than he had ever done before, and trusted me with all that he himself knew of the affairs of the kingdom during nearly forty years. That is to say, since his being in favour with the Prince of Wales, father of the King.

until this time *. He had the precaution to require from me a promise, that I would not take notice of what he told me; and I kept my word so well, that I studied even to forget what he had related to me in confidence; so much so, that it would be difficult for me now to recal many circumstances. I have already said, that he only accepted the place of prime minister for the purpose of accelerating the great work of the peace, which the King was desirous to give to Europe, and which was no sooner concluded, than he resigned. Mr. Adolphus, in other respects a correct historian, has been very much misinformed respecting the character of Lord Bute, and the motives of his retiring. It was by no means because he was apprehensive of not being sup-

* Wrote in 1785.

ported in his measures; for he had, when he resigned, the greatest majority that ever a minister had in parliament: nor was it because he thought himself neglected by his sovereign, who gave him constant proofs of his esteem and affection, during thirty years after he retired from office. He resigned because he was disgusted with the bustle of business; indignant at the behaviour of those who endeavoured to obtain his favour, at the baseness of some, and the duplicity of others. He recited to me several examples: I can only recollect one.

A great Lord among those who supported his administration, requested that he would allow him to introduce to a private audience, a member of parliament, who had been very useful to him in his county in supporting his interests. Lord Bute consented. In this interview his Lordship enlarged upon

the capacity of the man he presented to him; adding, that he could render great services to the state if he was appointed to a certain important situation; and after a great many eulogiums, upon a sign agreed, the *protégé* withdrew. When they were alone, the great man said to Lord Bute: "I have kept my "word; but now, between ourselves, "I do not think much of his talents. "You are at liberty to do as you please. "Find out some excuse. It is the "same thing to me whether he has the "place or not." Lord Bute, shocked at such perfidy, made some private inquiries concerning the object of this singular recommendation, satisfied himself of his merit, and gave him the place he solicited.

One circumstance, which he was very anxious to propagate, and which was true, was, that since the year 1766, he never interfered, directly or

indirectly, with public affairs; nor had privately seen the King during that period. He continued to visit regularly the Princess of Wales; but when the King came to see his mother, Lord Bute always retired by a back staircase. His attachment for his Majesty was, however, not less lively and constant; and as he knew, better than any body, the King's taste for the arts and sciences, he never made an acquisition of any new work, or of any new-invented mathematical instrument (often compleated under his direction), but he made his Majesty a present of a duplicate. He had a portrait of the King over the chimney-piece in each of his houses; and when he spoke of him, he always directed his eyes towards the portrait with a look of respect and affection, and which expressed very forcibly his attachment for his person. His parliamentary interest gave him a

right to the favour of government, as he had several votes in the House of Peers and in the House of Commons; but the ministers were so much persuaded that he would never take a part in opposition, that they never paid any attention to his requests. So much was he neglected, that I saw him give a considerable sum to procure his son a promotion in the army, which the minister had refused him. Notwithstanding which, I have known people, who ought to have been better informed, maintain, that Lord Bute directed the public affairs, and preserved the greatest influence, twenty years after he had resigned all his places. I have even seen letters of solicitation addressed to him, as well as anonymous threatening letters, which he made me read, and then threw into the fire.

Two qualities, but little known, in the character of Lord Bute, were his

generosity and his charity. He was generous without ostentation, and gave away large sums privately. He employed me often to assist industrious artists, who might be saved from ruin by a little sum given in the moment of want: and I have been many times employed by him to visit the prisons, in order to release insolvent debtors, whom he did not personally know, and who never knew their benefactor. I had the assistance of the chaplain to distribute properly the money with which I was charged. Lord Bute required my secrecy, and I never spoke of it until after his death.

CHAPTER XX.

Lord Walsingham.

I WAS leading a quiet life, and free from every engagement, when one morning I received a visit from Lord Walsingham, whom I only knew by having met him once at dinner at the house of a common friend. He had been appointed ambassador to Spain, and came to solicit me to go with him as secretary of the embassy: he was, he said, informed particularly about me; I was the man that he wanted; and there was not any thing that he would not do to induce me to accept his offers. I had always had the strongest desire to see Spain. I had studied the Spanish language, and I had a predilection for that nation. The secretaries of the embassy from England are accredited at

the courts where they reside, and they have one thousand pounds salary. Lord Walsingham, besides these advantages, offered me others totally independent of them. I was to live with him; to have a carriage at his expense; to reside in his house: he would, in every thing rely upon me. Notwithstanding all these inducements, my first opinion was to refuse the offer, for two reasons: one was, that Mr. Mackenzie was in Scotland, and I did not like to take such a step without consulting him: the other was, that I was going, perhaps, to enter upon an undertaking that would be too much for my strength and my age. I have always had a facility of disposition, which, on several occasions, has brought me into embarrassments. I never knew how to refuse altogether an advantageous offer, or one that had a flattering appearance, notwithstanding it might

be far from suiting me. Such was the case at this time. I thought that I should be able to evade it by raising difficulties. I asked an increase of my pension, an annuity from his Lordship, and a promise of another favour from government, which it is unnecessary to name. Lord Walsingham left me immediately to go to the minister, and returned in an hour to tell me that he had obtained the two articles which depended upon government; and, as for that which depended on himself, the annuity, I should be in possession of the deeds the following day. I could no longer hesitate: I accepted the situation. From that moment Lord Walsingham laid open his mind to me as if we had known each other twenty years. He made me a party to all his views, and consulted me in every thing. He desired me to order the equipages; to choose the domestics, and to regu-

late his whole household. I have never known a more perfect deference than that which he shewed to me.

Our first step was to inform ourselves of the politics of the court we were going to. It was in the year 1786; the Duke of Leeds was then Secretary of State for foreign affairs. The general correspondence was communicated to us. We had access not only to the papers of the office, but for greater convenience we were permitted to carry away ten or twelve volumes of the correspondence at a time; so that, I had the best opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the secret negociations carried on in the principal courts of Europe, and to judge of the talents of the ministers employed by the King abroad. Without meaning to depreciate the merit of those whom I do not name here, I shall only say, that the dispatches of Lord Malmes-

bury, Lord Auckland, Lord St. Helen, Sir Robert Keith, and of Mr. Liston, appeared to me preferable to all the others. Lord Walsingham was very laborious: he occupied himself from six o'clock in the morning until twelve at night in making extracts of all that he found interesting in the correspondence. Although I was not wanting in activity, I was frightened at the inexhaustible ardour with which he set to work; but he kept me in spirits, by saying, that he was younger than myself, that he did not mean that I should inconvenience myself, and that it was sufficient if I so far attended to the business as to assist him with my advice: notwithstanding which, the more I considered what would be expected from me in Spain, the less I was content with having embarked in this business. I seized every opportunity to make Lord Walsingham disgusted with his

mission: but he had not the same reasons with myself, and he was too far engaged to retract.

I have often reproached myself for having, in this respect, consulted my own interest more than his. I do not seek to exculpate myself; I tell the fact, and own I ought to have been more disinterested.

We were preparing for our departure, when Lord Walsingham came to inform me, that Mr. Pitt had proposed to him the place of Post-Master General, if he would give up the embassy to Spain, whither they had a design to send Lord Auckland. He was undecided whether to accept it or not. I represented to him, that if he had passed some years at Madrid, they probably would not offer him a more agreeable retribution. This recompence was offered him before his services; he could not do better than

avail himself of the opportunity; he accepted it. I was delighted; I gave him up his annuity, and resigned with pleasure the hope of the conditional favour obtained for me from government. There only remained for me the increase of my pension. I was satisfied; but Lord Walsingham was not so on my account. He lamented that his interest with the ministers was not sufficient to procure me the recompense of the pains I had taken for him. He often said, that he was ashamed of having done nothing to convince me of his gratitude; and I am sure that he thought so. I assured him that I expected nothing; that I desired nothing but the continuation of his good-will towards me; in short, I made him easy.

I must say, that among all the noblemen whom I have had the opportunity of serving, none have conducted them-

selves with more openness towards me than Lord Walsingham. When I have had occasion to address myself to him for his interest, he has always shewn a sincere desire to oblige me; and every time that he has had recourse to me for any little service, I have never neglected to prove to him my zeal. Without thinking it necessary to see each other regularly to keep up our acquaintance, we have never neglected that mutual exchange of good offices, which has caused me more satisfaction than more essential services would have done.

CHAPTER XXI.

Illness of the King.

Towards the end of the year 1788, there occurred one of the most unhappy, most extraordinary, and most interesting events, which could happen in a government constituted like that of Great Britain. The King was taken ill: his physicians attributed his disorder to an eruption which had been repelled, and which was followed by a fever that attacked the brain, and which from time to time was accompanied by so great a delirium, that on the 10th of November it was thought his Majesty would expire. Several skilful physicians, who did not see his Majesty, but who were well informed of the symptoms of his disease, assured me that it was nothing but a very high

brain fever, and that the King would recover his reason as the fever abated, but that probably it might last some time.

I foresaw then all the confusion that such a fatal circumstance would occasion, and I resolved to give myself up entirely to the observation of what was passing, and to make a note every evening of the reports and incidents of the day.

I was of no party, but I was connected with several considerable persons in all parties. I studied therefore to collect together faithfully all that I saw or heard on both sides, without espousing either the opinions of one or the other; and I found myself, by that means, in a situation to write upon the subject with accuracy and a thorough knowledge of the motives actuating all parties. I did it with so much impartiality, that even those who were dis-

appointed in their expectations gave me credit for the moderation of my style, and others thanked me for having said no more. I published this work with all the circumspection possible, having taken the precaution, previous to publication, to shew it to a person too exalted to be mentioned here: notwithstanding all which, I was not able to avoid incurring the loss of the favour of the Prince of Wales. I had the honour of being known for some years to his Royal Highness. I admired in him all those eminent and amiable qualities, which contributed so much to conciliate the respect and affection of those he honoured with his countenance. The graces of his person, the noble air and affability of his manners, the turn of his mind, the generosity and warmth of his heart, gained him the homage of all who saw him. I had

been so fortunate as to please him. He condescended to admit me to his parties; to invite me even to his table; and I presume to say, that I had reason to think that I stood well in his opinion, when, at the epoch of which I speak, things took another turn. Some person, doubtless, must have made a false report of my work; for his Royal Highness said that he had never read it. From that time it was not difficult for me to perceive a change in his Royal Highness with respect to me; and finding that, in every house where I had the honour to meet him, he never spoke to me, I took care to avoid coming into his presence, without assigning any reason for it, persuaded that it is better to keep at a distance from Princes than to complain of them.

CHAPTER XXII.

The French Revolution.

It was about the same time that that dreadful revolution took place in rance, with which there is nothing to be compared in all that we have read in ancient and modern history. The first cause, and unhappily the most efficient, was, without doubt, the annihilation of all sense of religion. Voltaire was the grand machinist of this change. He worked at it constantly during sixty years: his associates, d'Alembert, the Baron d'Holbach, Condorcet, Diderot, Helvetius, &c. seconded him with an inconceivable ardour, of which I have often been witness. They had followers among the nobility, the magistracy, the clergy, in France and out of France, and friends even among the crowned

heads, who flattered them in order to be praised by them. Men so misled by false philosophy, could not fail of acting as the French did act.

This licentiousness of mind was followed by licentiousness of manners. It was the corrupt fruit of the same diabolical seed. History does not furnish examples of so great a number of crimes, of so general a perversity, of such frightful atrocities, as that unfortunate kingdom has experienced during the course of fifteen years.

The last thirty years of Louis the XVth, were a succession of shameful excesses, which gave a large scope to the avidity of courtiers, to the corrupt influence of mistresses, and inspired the people with a contempt for the Court. Louis the XVIth, at his accession to the throne, found the finances in a state of dilapidation; it was not in his power to renovate them.

Against his advice and inclination, his ministers and the public cry engaged him in a war with America. I was then at Paris; I remarked the effect that the word *liberty* produced in every mind. They sent up their prayers for the Americans: they rejoiced in their successes. The French, in wishing them liberty, by a natural recurrence of thought, wished it also for themselves.

That war cost France prodigious sums, and considerably augmented her debt. To remedy these evils, the *Notables* were assembled. The next step was the convocation of the *States General.* Necker, aiming at popularity, doubled the *Tiers-Etat.* Feeling its strength, the *Tiers - Etat* constituted itself a National Assembly, inviting the nobility and clergy to unite with it: and it is from this moment that the ruin of the monarchy may be dated.

Another cause which led to the ruin of the kingdom, was the jealousy that the inferior nobility had of the higher ranks, who treated them with as little respect as the gentlemen themselves treated the citizens. Thus the desire that the inferior nobility had to lessen the great, joined to the hope that the citizens, tradesmen, attornies, and scriveners, had to bring on a level with themselves the nobility in general, formed altogether an union of public opinion, which nothing could withstand, and which soon discovered itself by the abolition of the nobility, produced the fatal principle of equality, and sacrificed the King.

To these causes may be added the goodness of Louis XVI., the affability of the Queen, the facility with which they allowed themselves to be approached, the suppers at Court, in short, all that served to familiarise so-

ciety with the throne, served to degrade the royal majesty, which never had more need of adding to its dignity, than at the moment when every thing conspired to abase it.

Such were the causes that produced the French revolution. The consequences are to be found in history: they are written in letters of blood; and so well engraved on the memories of our cotemporaries, that it is useless to repeat them.

We see, by this picture of the causes of the revolution, how necessary it is for a state highly to respect religion; how much the example of Princes is necessary to the support of good morals; and how much a wise administration of the finances influences the happiness of a country. We may see also, how pernicious is the principle of equality, and consequently how necessary is the distinction of the different

classes in society; and, lastly, we may perceive, of what importance to the safety of a monarchical state is the dignity of the throne, and a veneration for the monarch who fills it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

*Spa.—M. * *.—The Duchess of Devonshire.*

The time that I did not give to Mr. Mackenzie, I passed with Mr. * *, of whom I have not yet spoken in these memoirs, though I lived very much with him. I consider him the most extraordinary character that can be found in society. I communicated the following portrait to himself, before I shewed it to any body else.

Astacus is a composition the most singular in nature: the versatility of a mind full of original ideas and of caprice, the agitation of his heart, the fervency of his blood, the irritation of his bile, the vivacity of his mind, the weakness of his body, altogether form

an individual, who would suffice to compose half a dozen characters distinctly marked, and which together present a being the most extraordinary that one could meet with in society. Happily for the friends of Astacus, his ideas, his caprices, his passions, have nothing offensive in them. If he is not of their opinion, he allows them to differ from his, provided they give him leave to dispute at leisure, which he does with much wit and with a subtle logic. If he is in love, he does not pretend that it should be to the exclusion of others: he forms a friendship with his rivals, and invites them to dinner with her he loves. His caprices do not put any one under restraint; and if they meet with some indulgence, he seems so well pleased, that those who want money seize that moment to borrow some from him. His ill health serves as an excuse for his eccentricities,

for his deviations from the rules of society, and for his following his own inclination. He has so well established this prerogative, that his friends allow it him as his right; but he makes a compensation by his promptness to oblige. He gives willingly; he lends nobly. If you would be introduced to an amiable woman; if you would make a friend of the minister; of an extraordinary man; beg him to procure you those advantages; he will do it with pleasure: he will invite them to dinner with him in order to make you meet them. Every body knows that he keeps a good table; and when he chuses to give dinners, every one is ready to dine with him: but it is upon condition that, on his part, he shall not be under any constraint more than elsewhere.

Astacus has read a great deal: he knows the best authors in Latin, in

French, and in English. He has a natural good taste, a fine judgment, without the knowledge of any one element of science. But he is not at a loss on that account: he avows his insufficiency in that respect, and makes it up by asking questions freely.

Astacus has a great elevation of mind. The birth and riches of those with whom he associates have no weight with him: he possesses enough of both to place himself without ceremony on a par with all.

It may be added, that Astacus is good, charitable, humane, choleric, and gentle; lively and indolent; a warm friend, a generous enemy (if it can be said that he has any enemy); impatient from constitution, indulgent from reflection; artless one moment, full of wit the next; seldom enjoying any thing, frequently suffering *ennui*; making delightful plans of amusement,

and not putting any in execution: he talks of them, that is all. But, you will say, have you not been describing several men? No: I have given only the character of Astacus.

Mr. * * was then very intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire; it was in the year 1789. She was with the Duke at Spa. He was very desirous of visiting them, and he pressed me to go with him. I was easily persuaded, and we set out. Instead of taking a lodging for us, as Mr. * * had begged them to do, having a large house, they accommodated us in it, where we passed two months very agreeably.

We arrived at Spa a short time after the taking of the Bastile, when the greater part of the French nobility emigrated. There were at Spa the Lavals, the Luxembourgs, the Montmorencis, &c. &c. dancing with all the gaiety possible, while their castles were

pillaged and destroyed in France. Madame de Boufflers and her daughter-in-law were also at Spa, from whence they went to England. The Duchess went afterwards to Paris, where she gave birth to a son. I could speak more at large of her amiable qualities; but I shall content myself with merely giving her portrait, which I wrote a little time after I had sketched that of Mr. * *.

When Artenice first entered into the world, at the age of sixteen, she made the most lively impression on all who knew her. She was tall, well made, and very handsome: she had a noble air, and an ingenuous candour was painted upon her countenance. When she appeared, every eye was turned towards her; when absent, she was the subject of universal conversation and general admiration. Daughter of a distinguished nobleman, she married

one of the first personages of the kingdom, and was in every respect qualified for her high rank. She was endowed with an excellent disposition; her every action was dictated by good nature, by generosity, and benevolence, and could not fail to please. In short, no woman of fashion ever diffused so much delight with such little pains; for she merely displayed the natural bias of her mind and disposition.

Having a rich and an indulgent husband, she did not always set bounds to her expences. She was, by degrees, induced to play; at first from complaisance, afterwards from choice, and lost considerable sums. Charitable to an extreme, she gave with profusion. To see the distress of others was an affliction to herself; and if she had not money, she borrowed to be able to give. Without any intention, she became the directress of the *ton*. She

changed the hours, and set the fashions. Every body endeavoured to imitate her, not only in England, but even at Paris. Every one inquired what Artenice did, and how she dressed, anxious to act and dress in the same style. She had an uncommon gracefulness in her air rather than in her figure; and appeared always to act entirely from the impression of the moment. Her good-nature made her undertake any thing which she thought would be of service to her friends; especially to those who had been represented to her as unfortunate: and she exerted herself so zealously, that in general she succeeded for them, though sometimes she created herself embarrassments which were extremely mortifying. That which would have been termed intriguing in another person, was in Artenice a lively interest to serve, not only her friends, but all those who could make their cause ap-

pear just. Intriguers are those who cabal for their own interests; Artenice thought only of the interests of others. In society she was affable, kind, and unreserved. From dissipation she retired, without a struggle, into the domestic retreat of her family: she improved her mind; occupied herself with her husband, her mother, her children, and her sister, with the same satisfaction with which she had mixed in the pleasures of the world. She had great resources in her reading, in her taste for the arts, and even in some of the sciences; for she had a quick and comprehensive mind, and made herself mistress of any subject which she studied. At the age when women are most attached to the world, having lost nothing of her beauty or attractions, she withdrew from it, to give herself up entirely to her family, and to a small circle of friends

This was written in the year 1791. Since that time I have very seldom seen Artenice; but I have heard much of her. Her daughters arriving at an age to be presented in the world, she mixed more than ever in society, in order to introduce them to advantage. This circumstance has revived her natural fondness for expence and dissipation, and that unhappy taste has had, at times, very disagreeable consequences.

We returned to London. Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty, his wife, were at their country house at Petersham, near Richmond, about ten miles from London. I went to reside with them, and found there Madame de Boufflers, the Duchess of Biron, the Countess of Grammont, Madame de Chalais, the Baron de Breteuil, and several others, who had taken houses at Richmond, where they passed much

of their time, thanks to the hospitality of Mr. Mackenzie, who gave them the best welcome, and kept an open table for them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Society at Petersham.—The Emigrants.—Comte de Woronzow.— Prince de Castelcicala. — The Marquis del Campo.

Mr. Mackenzie engaged me to stay with him during the summer, that I might assist him in doing the honours of the house to the persons I have just mentioned. I pass over in silence the names and characters of many among them, who would give considerable interest to these pages: I shall only generally remark, that the fortitude with which these unfortunate nobles sustained their sudden reverse of fortune, and the activity and industry with which they sought to remedy the evil, as much as possible, cannot be sufficiently admired. They were not

ashamed of being poor; but it was evident that they would have been so if they had not done every thing in their power to extricate themselves from poverty. I have seen women of the highest rank obtain their living by teaching the accomplishments they possessed, and by needle-work; and gentlemen employed in the exercise of different trades, without losing the least of their elevation of mind, or of the character which belonged to their former condition.

To this society, Mr. Mackenzie added that of several of the foreign ministers, whom he was in the habit of seeing almost every day. Among them was the Count de Woronzow, Russian envoy, and afterwards ambassador extraordinary to the Court of London. They had, at first, become known to each other at Naples, and were happy to renew their acquaintance

again in London and at Petersham. The Count admired the character of Mr. Mackenzie, and his knowledge of the sciences. He passed almost every evening with him, and profited much by his conversation: he always called him "my dear master." Mr. Mackenzie loved the Count as much as if he had been his own son, and was never so happy as when he was with him. In fact, I never knew a man who united so many amiable and brilliant qualities as the Count. To a noble and prepossessing figure, and a kind and courteous manner, he added a warm heart, an elevated mind, and a benevolence rarely equalled. He was a sincere and an obliging friend; he had a fine understanding, but an extraordinary degree of modesty: of which last quality of his I will relate a striking example.

He entered very young into the army,

and at the age of eighteen commanded a company of grenadier guards of the Emperor Peter III. On the morning of the day of the revolution which placed Catherine II. on the throne of Russia, hearing what was passing, he hastened to put himself at the head of his company; and exhorting them not to be found wanting in the fidelity they owed their sovereign, marched at their head; but was soon abandoned by them. At the same moment he felt himself seized behind, but wounded with his sword the man who held him. He was, however, soon ove rpowered by numbers, and put under an arrest. This was the only blow struck that day. He was set at liberty in eleven days afterwards. He travelled some years; and when the war was declared against the Turks, in 1770, he was recalled, and distinguished himself in the army.

I once dine with him at the

Duke of Northumberland's, when General Clinton, who had been a volunteer in the Russian army, was of the party. After dinner, the subject of conversation was the several distinguished actions of that war; and particularly the battle of Cahal, the 1st of August, 1770, when the Marshal Romanzow displayed that superior ability as general, for which he was so distinguished. I asked the Count if he was present at this battle; he answered me simply, "that he was." When we arose from table, General Clinton took me aside, and said, "do you know in "what manner Count Woronzow was "present at that battle?—It was he "who contributed the most towards "gaining the victory of that day. The "Russian army consisted of only "18,000 men: the Turks had 150,000. "The Count, at the head of a battalion of grenadiers attacked the in-

"trenchments of the enemy with a "courageous intrepidity; carried them, "and being seconded by his brave "comrades, the Turkish army was "thrown into confusion, and the "Russians obtained a complete vic-"tory."

The Count de Woronzow was a widower, and had two children, with whose education he had occupied himself with much care and perseverance; and he had the satisfaction of living to see the fruit of his labour and tender solicitude for their welfare. These two young persons, by their talents and good dispositions, answered his most sanguine expectations. His son had scarcely passed his twentieth year, when his father sent him to the Court of Russia. He had already been appointed Chamberlain to the Emperor; but desiring to serve in the army, he entered into the Guards, and applied

himself with ardour to acquire the knowledge necessary for his profession, and conducted himself so well, that, at the age of twenty-two, he distinguished himself in the war with Persia, in which he acted as aide major general under the Prince Tzitzianof, who called him his right hand. The Countess de Woronzow, who was lovely in her person, and of an excellent disposition, graceful, and accomplished, constituted the happiness of his life.

The Prince de Castelcicala, envoy extraordinary of the King of Naples, was one of the most frequent guests at Mr. Mackenzie's, who was greatly attached to him, and justly appreciated his merits. He had entered into the world with great advantages; but his birth and fortunes were eclipsed by the eminent qualities which adorned his mind. He had a fine judgment, an extensive knowledge, an excellent

taste, and an uncommon understanding. In conversation, he readily conceived the question which was discussed, and was always master of the subject. In the most difficult situations, his conduct, guided by the best principles, was always noble and firm: of which there are many proofs. He was fond of study; was a faithful friend; a good son; a good husband, and a good father. His virtues had always stood in the way of his fortune; but he did not repine: he aspired only to a retreat with independence. He had given up the first employments in his own country, in order to come to England, in a capacity more suited to his love of independence; and in which he could give himself up to his family, his friends, and his favourite studies.

There was another foreign minister, M. del Campo, who we often saw; but with whom we were less intimate,

In speaking of him, I must say, that he was the most complete courtier I have ever seen. He came very young into England with General Wall, who gave him a very good education, and made him his private secretary. He was appointed minister plenipotentiary of Spain in 1788, and in that character regularly made his court, not only at St. James's, but also at Windsor, at all times when the court was there. One day, at the levee, as the King was getting out of his carriage to go to St. James's, a woman presented him a petition, and while he was receiving it, she endeavoured to stab him with a knife which she had in her hand, but was prevented; and His Majesty, a moment afterwards, spoke of it at the levee in the most unconcerned manner. He held, the same day, a council after the levee, which was expected to delay his departure for Windsor until six

o'clock in the afternoon. What did M. del Campo in this circumstance? He thought it possible that, in the interval, the Queen might hear that the King had been assassinated, and that, not finding him return at his usual hour, she would be considerably alarmed, and imagine that the most dreadful event had taken place. He set off post at the breaking up of the levee, and, according to his custom, was set down at the palace at one of the ladies in waiting of his acquaintance. The Queen, who was surprised that the King did not return, and learning that the Marquis del Campo was there, sent to inquire if he had been at the levee. His answer was, yes; that he had left the King going to council, and very well. The King returned, and immediately acquainted the Queen with the circumstance which had happened before the

levee. Surprised, as may easily be imagined, the Queen said, that the Marquis del Campo had been three hours in the next room, and that she could not comprehend why he had not mentioned it. He was called in, and said, that having learned, at his arrival, that the report of what had happened had not reached the ears of the Queen, he had judged it useless to make her acquainted with it; but he had thought it best to stay on the spot, in order that, if an indiscreet report had given the alarm, he might make Her Majesty easy as to what had really happened. The King and Queen were enchanted with this mark of attention, expressed in a manner as novel as it was delicate. He continued to pay his court assiduously; and, at the accession of the present King of Spain, the Court of Madrid being about to send an am-

bassador on the occasion, the King expressed a desire that His Catholic Majesty would name the Marquis del Campo which was complied with.

CHAPTER XXV.

Death of Lady Betty Mackenzie and of Mr. Mackenzie.—Lord Macartney.

I PASSED about ten years in this delightful society; part of the year with Mr. Mackenzie and his wife, Lady Betty, at Petersham, and the remainder in town. But the years 1799 and 1800 produced events which gave a new complexion to my affairs. Lady Betty Mackenzie died. During the six weeks of her illness I never quitted her, and I shewed her all the attention that I could have bestowed upon a mother. Mr. Mackenzie was inconsolable at her loss: he had known her from her earliest infancy: they were cousins-german, and had been married more than fifty years, living together in the

greatest harmony. Old age is suspected of but little feeling; but I never saw sensibility equal to his. He repeated continually, *That it was the survivor who died.* In short, notwithstanding an excellent constitution, his grief was so excessive, that he sunk under it gradually, and died within eight months after his wife, at the age of eighty-one years. This was the most melancholy time I had passed in my life; I did not quit him a single day. He had heaped so many benefits on me in his life, that I had not the smallest idea that he would take notice of me in his will. Of course, I was very much surprised to find that he had named me his executor, and residuary legatee, with his two nephews, Lord Bute and the primate of Ireland. His friends and relations, without excepting those with whom I partook his property, applauded the testimony, which indeed

honoured and enriched me, but which has left a blank in the remainder of my life difficult to fill.

The sanction which this event gave to my character and conduct, from a man so respectable as Mr. Mackenzie, to whom I had been attached during forty-two years, established me still more in the esteem and opinion of all his family and friends. I made use of it to form for myself a society, more necessary to me at my advanced age, not being able to apply myself to study with the same attention as formerly. Lord Macartney was the man whose company I sought the most. I had received much attention from him, had known him for forty years, and had often met him at Mr. Mackenzie's, whose niece (daughter of Lord Bute) he had married. His extraordinary merit and talents had raised him by degrees to the most distinguished ho-

nours, and it is therefore necessary that I should enlarge a little upon his character.

Lord Macartney had been very handsome: he had seen and observed much of the world, and he had also read and studied much. Aided by a good memory, there was no topic of conversation which he could not animate and enlighten; and his temper was serious or gay, as occasion required. He was born in Ireland, of an ancient family, but not illustrious. Having received an excellent education; endowed with eminent talents, natural and acquired, and with an uncommonly aspiring mind; young, and possessing but a moderate fortune; he early conceived the plan of raising himself above the rank in which he was born. He entered into the world; travelled into foreign countries, and kept the company of those of his

countrymen, whose rank and influence in England were most likely to serve his views.

On his return from his travels, he availed himself of the connexions which he had formed abroad, to obtain the appointment of minister, and afterwards ambassador, to the Court of Russia. After having distinguished himself there, he returned to London, and married the daughter of Lord Bute; he was appointed secretary of state in Ireland; was honoured with the order of the Bath; was sent governor to the island of Grenada, and afterwards governor to Madras; from whence, contrary to the general custom, he returned without having enriched himself.

Government were in want of a man, competent, from his talents and knowledge, to fill an embassy to China. They turned their attention to Lord Macartney for this difficult and fati-

guing mission, and he acquitted himself with credit and success.

It happened afterwards that the administration, under delicate circumstances, wished to send an ambassador to the King of France, Louis XVIII, then at Verona. Lord Macartney was thought the most proper person to be entrusted on this occasion, and he acquitted himself with his usual credit.

He was then created a peer of the realm, and thought of reposing himself in retirement. But no: they were at a loss to find a man of enlightened mind and experience, equal to the forming a new establishment that they wished to make at the Cape of Good Hope. Nobody was so competent to the task as Lord Macartney. He was pressed to undertake it, and at first declined it; but yielding to solicitation and a sense of gratitude, he at last departed, and answered the opi-

nion which had been formed of his capacity.

At length he wished to enjoy himself with his friends at home, and wisely declined all further concern in public affairs. There yet remained, however, one task for him to perform: he had collected some valuable materials upon the subject of Political Economy, upon Commerce and Government. Nobody was better able than he was to revise these collections; and we may flatter ourselves that he has not been indifferent to the consideration of their being useful to his country, when he shall be no more *.

To complete this portrait, I must add, that Lord Macartney was extremely partial to the fair sex, and had the

* Since this was written, Lord Macartney died, the 31st of March, 1806, sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

reputation of always being very well received by them. He was reproached with having been given too much to that species of raillery called *persiflage* (bantering), the more to be dreaded in him, as he executed it with a great deal of wit.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lord and Lady **

Among all those whom I had met with occasionally in society, there were none of whose acquaintance I was more desirous than that of Lord and Lady **. One day, when I dined with Mr. **, Lady **, after dinner, expressed a curiosity to see my Memoirs, which she said she had heard spoken of with eulogium. I afterwards carried them to her, and allowed her even to take them to Bath, where Lord ** was. They appeared to be very much satisfied with them, and before they went to pass the summer at Althorpe, Lady ** wrote to Lord Macartney, desiring him to bring me with him to spend some time there. I accepted with great pleasure the invitation, which

agreed so well with my wishes; and it was there that, having so good opportunity of knowing them, I was enabled, on my return to London, to draw the following portrait of Lady **, which I sent to her at Bath, where she then was.

La Bruyère has said, that a pretty woman, who has all the good qualities of a gentleman, is the most delightful companion in the world. The merit of the two sexes is then united.

This phenomenon, rare enough in these times, is to be seen in Lady **; she has an easy and open manner; her physiognomy takes, in conversation, the air best suited to the subject, with a facility that makes her extremely interesting: she has a lively understanding, and an elegant discernment, and comprehends every thing in an instant. A well cultivated mind renders her conversation varied, sensible, and almost inexhaustible, without being at

all studied; but appearing as if she was listening the whole time to your discourse. If, however, she happens to be of a different opinion, she will tell you so frankly, and will maintain her own some time with warmth, but always assigning her reasons; and if you oppose better, she will yield to your judgment, or otherwise bring you to her's, in a manner, however, that will still leave you very well contented with yourself. Lady ** is a good daughter, a good sister, a good wife, and a good mother. She has an excellent heart. It is better for those who associate with her, to offend her than her friends; and particularly her husband. He is the touchstone of the opinion she forms of people, and every body agrees with her; for there is not a character more generally beloved, esteemed, and respected, in the three kingdoms, than is Lord **'s: so much

indeed, that an acquaintance with him, is an encomium of those who are admitted to his intimacy.

Upon whatever subject it may be, I do not know any body, man or woman, whose advice I would sooner follow than that of Lady **. She has a solid and correct judgment, with a thorough knowledge of the world, and much penetration. As for her temper, it is charming; nothing can ruffle it, not even illness.

Lady ** is religious: it is the infallible principle upon which she has always regulated her conduct. Her piety manifests itself more by the effects it produces, than by her conversation. She abhors vice, and attacks it without any mercy. She shows no favor to folly, and holds it up to contempt. It is, perhaps, to this abhorrence of vice, to this antipathy to folly, that she owes the reproach of being too severe in her

judgments, for expressing with too much energy her contempt for fools, and her disgust for the tiresome idiots who molest society.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Society in England.

It is more difficult for foreigners to form acquaintance in England than in any other country. The reader will judge, by what I am going to communicate, and which is taken from a little work which I formerly published for the instruction of foreigners.

Society in England is not at all upon the same footing as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, or Naples: it is formed upon a plan which suits the English; they enjoy it in their own way, and foreigners may participate in it.

The greater part of the men who compose the first class of society are in parliament: some are peers of the realm, and belong to the House of Lords; their sons, relations and friends, and

the rest of the nobility, are members of the House of Commons; as well as the country-gentlemen, who come to reside in London during the sitting of Parliament. The hours of Parliament are extremely uncertain: they frequently sit till midnight, or till one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later. From this custom arises the difficulty of having regular dinners during the sitting of Parliament; except on Saturdays and Sundays, and some days in the holidays. The ladies, however, have large parties at night: but from the same reason, there is a much greater proportion of females than gentlemen, at these assemblies; partly because the men, after the breaking up of Parliament, go to dine together at each other's houses, or at their *clubs*; and partly because it is so late, that they do not think it worth while to

give themselves the trouble of dressing. These are the first class.

Among the better sort of citizens there are also some members of Parliament; and there are some who, without belonging to the House of Commons, are employed in public affairs, and are fond of talking of them. These likewise have their clubs; and the greater part of them like assembling there, much better than going to play at cards with the female friends of their wives. I must add, that among *this class* there is very little *gallantry:* every one is constant to his wife, whom he is sure to meet every night at supper with the rest of the family. Besides, almost all the English have some business, some favourite amusement, some studies, or some pleasures, to which they devote themselves with as much attention as to business. They prefer spending the rest of their time in their own houses,

to the dull pleasure of frequenting assemblies, which however are very numerous. There are not perhaps less than two hundred houses in London, where two or three assemblies are given during the winter; so that there are sometimes three or four on the same night. The company begin to meet at nine or ten o'clock. People of fashion, both males and females, who are invited to them all go to each; and stay there a longer or shorter time, as may be agreeable. Some are going in as others are coming out; three or four hundred people meet without seeing each other, and speak to one another without waiting for an answer. Card-tables are prepared in the different rooms, and card-playing lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning. In some houses suppers are given; but that is not common. If any French gentleman or lady should come to London,

this compliment is paid to them: it is thought to be what they like best; but it must not be imagined that this is the general custom. Being at Paris some years ago, at the Prince de Conti's, I met the Viscount de Noailles, who had just returned from London, where he had been six weeks. He was giving the company an account of the manner of living at London; and among other things, he said that they supped there, but did not dine. I was a little astonished at this assertion; and took the liberty to tell him that I had been absent from London only six months, and that was not the custom when I came away. He assured me very seriously, that I should find it so when I returned; as if a nation altered its manners in six months. It is thus that we are mistaken, when we form general opinions upon the little we see.

Besides this way of meeting, there are, during the winter and spring, dinners of families, and their common friends, who come in turn: these are settled dinners, to which no one goes who is not invited. Thus there is not a city in Europe, where a person is less likely to fall in at the hour of dinner, at a friend's house, than in London. You run the risk of finding that he is gone to dine with a friend; or that he has a select party, and his table is full; or that he is dining alone, and does not choose to be taken unprovided. There are perhaps some exceptions, but I do not know them; besides, exceptions do not make the rule.

As for the clubs, every body knows that they are assemblies of men, who elect among themselves the members of their society. They have houses which they pay, to which they can go at any time; and there they

read the newspapers, play at cards, and sup. There are clubs for all ranks, and all classes, even for mechanics: the latter content themselves with a private room in a tavern or a coffee-house.

In the country towns there is a little more sociability. The shackles of parliament do not exist there, and they assemble more freely; in other respects there is little difference. The life they lead in the country is upon another system. It is there that the English display their luxury, and make their principal expence; it is there that they exercise their hospitality. There are no considerable noblemen or gentlemen, or men of fortune, who have not an estate and a house suitable to their condition: some magnificent and noble, but all good and convenient. There they receive their friends and foreigners willingly. However, they are glad to

be previously informed of the time when they are to come: because they themselves might happen to be gone to pay a visit for some days to some of their country friends; or that their house was full; or that they had arranged the plan of their living, which they would not like to change.

The manner of living in the country is more or less free, according to the disposition of the master of the house. In general, the company breakfast, dine, and sup together: those who absent themselves form an exception to the rule. At breakfast, parties are made for walking or riding: every one has perfect freedom in this respect. They return to dine; and after dinner, talk or play at cards till supper. The hours are more regular than in town; and as there is no business here, it is in the country that the English may be best seen in their natural disposition. They

are not so gloomy as is supposed; on the contrary, an air of gaiety prevails in the country which greatly astonishes those who know the English nation only through the romances written by foreigners that have never set their foot in England.

Men of letters do not form a body in London, as they do at Paris: it is not a profession. There is no one house which the *literati* frequent more than another: they do not know what is meant by a *bureau d'esprit*. A lady of rank attempted, some years ago, to form one, and to have one day in the week set apart for an assembly of that sort; but it at last became ridiculous. If the English, who are really learned, were boasters, they might be more proud of not pretending to be so, than of setting up for men of letters. Men of learning, and writers are to be found in all conditions of life, from

the peer of the realm to the mechanic: one to please himself, another for his amusement, and a third for his emolument. Those whose objects of study are the same, assist each other, and communicate together; but we do not see, as in other countries, the naturalist, the poet, and the mathematician, meeting to agree to praise each other, without being qualified to appreciate each other's merit.

Society does nothing in England for the sick; I mean the bed-ridden. In France and Italy, a man goes a hundred miles to be at the bed-side of his sick friend. Here, if he is in the house, he quits it. His disorder may be contagious; or the sick man himself wishes to be quiet. Perhaps they are right. I wish neither to praise nor to blame; I ony mention the fact.

I have perhaps dwelt too much upon

this subject: but I have thought that if these memoirs should one day become public, they would be as much read upon the continent as in England; and the state of society in this country being so different from others, and arising from its constitution, every one must be pleased with me for giving him a just and clear idea of it. I have carried the subject the further, because I never saw a traveller who did not complain of the difficulties he found in getting into company in London. I have said that it arose from the public business: I will add, that the spirit of party, which ordinarily prevails with more or less violence in company, and even creeps into families, produces obstacles which are fatal to the harmony of society, and which destroy all its charms.

Happily for myself, my condition and situation excused me from forming

political opinions; and if I possessed them, I should be fully sensible that it was not proper for me to avow them openly in conversation. In consequence of this reserve, I have always had the good-fortune to have friends among all parties; and however difficult it has sometimes been to maintain it, I think I have so far succeeded, as never to have forfeited the good-will of any one; except in the instance already mentioned, for which, I will venture to say, I never gave sufficient cause.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Conclusion of these Memoirs.—The Author's Apology for having written them.

I THINK I ought now to conclude these Memoirs, having formed a firm design to lead a retired life wherever I may be. I have not the vanity to think that I can offer my readers any thing which can interest them further. It may even have been seen, that I have, as much as possible, avoided bringing myself forward as an object worthy of attracting the attention of the public: on the contrary, I have considered myself only as the canvas upon which I wished to present all the subjects I had to introduce; the warp, by means of which I might connect and unite together the anecdotes which I had collected, and draw

the portraits of those whom I had known. Few people, I think, have had so good an opportunity as myself of seeing, approaching, and intimately knowing so many illustrious personages; whose characters are delineated here, and which, perhaps, will never be so faithfully drawn in history. In those incidents of my life which concern me only, I have endeavoured to speak of myself, as I should have done had I been speaking of another. The various situations I have been in having enabled me to observe the different classes of society with attention, it appeared to me that this single circumstance was sufficient to justify the attempt I have made to examine the individuals; and though I have taken upon myself the task of this review, I dare flatter myself that no one will accuse me of having pretended to make a conspicuous figure in it.

I might have made these Memoirs more interesting, if I had chosen to give vent to that malignity natural to the human mind. But so far from that, after having written them I retrenched many parts which would, no doubt, have appeared amusing to the majority of my readers; but I perceived that these points would have done more honour to my head than to my heart; and I would not permit the one to be gratified at the expense of the other. I might perhaps have been more interesting, if I had published all that has come to my knowledge. Several reasons have led me to refuse my vanity this gratification:—what I owed to the confidence of my friends; the fear of giving pain to worthy persons; the obligation of being silent respecting what might hurt those who are still living, and injure the memory of those who are no more; and lastly, the re-

pugnance I had to unveil secret failings. All these reasons, I say, have induced me to be circumspect as to the manner in which I have spoken of private characters, without thinking myself obliged however, to have the same regard for those faults or vices which they themselves, more than I, have disclosed to the public.

If, notwithstanding these considerations, any one still chooses to blame me for having written these Memoirs; still, what can be objected to me in this respect, which may not with more foundation, be urged to reproach all those who have preceded me in this kind of writing, and who, besides the egotism which reigns throughout the whole of their productions, have treated those whom they have spoken of with much less respect than I have done? How many characters in the Memoirs of the 17th Century are transmitted to posterity

with ignominy, by some author who calls himself their friend?

The Memoirs of Bassompière, La Rochefoucault, Retz, Joli, Madame de Motteville, &c. are crowded with proofs of what I advance. Had I done what they have, I should be the first to condemn, instead of exculpating myself by examples: but no one can with justice reproach me on this account. I have, on the contrary, treated with indulgence the characters of several persons of whom I had strong reasons to complain, and whose conduct towards me would have appeared too revolting if I had presented it with all its circumstances. If, upon a perusal of the facts simply detailed, any should necessarily be accused by my readers of injustice or ingratitude, let such blame themselves alone, for finding their characters drawn in the colours which they themselves have cho-

sen to appear in. All that any one can reproach me with, with any ground of reason, is, that I have been too frequently the dupe of a class ot men whom I ought to have known sooner than I did; and whose society I had the weakness to seek with too much earnestness, in spite of all the inconveniences which I foresaw, and which my friends foretold would result from it.

Notwithstanding the reasons which I might allege to justify the composition of these Memoirs, I have not, however, for thirty years, been able to decide upon publishing them till now; but being pressed by my friends not to suffer so great a number of curious anecdotes to be buried in oblivion, I made up my mind to collect them, and give them this form. I have since consulted some persons of acknowledged taste, who have given a favourable opinion of them. Not contented with these pre-

cautions, I have first printed, only a very small number of copies in order to collect the opinion of my friends more easily; and also to have an opportunity of sounding indifferent persons, by suffering the book to fall into their hands without their supposing me to be the author and the subject of it. I hoped by these means to get at the truth, and to obtain a free and impartial judgment upon my work. This has succeeded as I had reason to expect. I have made it my duty to follow the opinions that have been suggested to me, with all the docility which a man ought to have who desires not only to acquire the approbation of the public, but also to be useful in furnishing a lesson from his experience.

Another advantage to be derived from this sort of reading is, the reflection that, in all the difficulties of the career which we have to run, there is

no guide so certain as religion. Much has been said of honour and philosophy; but these are vague terms, which every one interprets according to his own humour or his own interest.

The Christian religion, on the contrary, alone gives sure and constant rules. Simple and pure, it is an infallible guide for the conduct of every individual. Calculated for all mankind, it alike instructs the King and the peasant in their duties; and in rigidly adhering to its maxims, we effect our happiness in this life by securing it throughout a life to come.

END OF VOL. IV.

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